SIR PHILIP SYDNEYS

Ouránia,

That is,

Endimions *Song and Tragedie*

Containing all Philosophie.

Written By N. Breton.

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UMI

Sir Philip Sidney's *Ourània.*

OR,

ENDIMIONS Song and Tragide, Containing all Philoſophie.

WHen *Phœbus* gave his fierie horſes reſt,
And circled had his glorious Hemiſphere,
When every creatur thought him fuly bleſt
And *Tytan* gan old *Thetis* bed to cheere,
When ſilent-nights black mantle did appeare,
In ſecret ſort I gave the looking on,
While bleſſed *Cynthia* grac't *Endymion.*

I ſaw how that the ſacred Nimph came down,
In purple Robe, with yfretyzed
I ſaw her guard, chaſt Ladyes of renowne,
Bleſt of the Gods, with fame enthronized:
In never-dying Rowles eternized.
I knew them all; *Endymion* the Swayne.
And mightie *Cynthia* with her bleſſed Traine.

She is well knowne whom all the world admires
For vertuous life and prudent modeſtie;
Rare are her gifts full of *Sidnecian*-fyres,
Muſes and Graces of high ſoveraignte:
Attend and garniſh her with modeſtie.
I mean not now therefore to paint her praize,
Being a task too high for withered Baize.

But ſhew the ſtorie as it then fell out,
When ſhe firſt favoured *Endymion*:
And how falſe *Lynidus* brought it about,
That *Cynthia* had him in ſuſpition:
(No heart can ſhrowd it in oblivion)
And who ſo reads *Endymions* wofull Verſe
Let him with teares his Tragidie reherſe.

It grieves my heart to se the gentle Swain,
That kept his tender Lambes on *Ida* Mount:
And brought them down again into the plaine,
To take their pleasure by the silvered Fount,
Folding them all and taking just account,
Least one of them by Carlesse overight
Should wandring perish in the darke-some night.

It grieves my heart (I say) to hear his moan,
Fall by the walles of *Troy* where once he dwelt:
With wringing hands and many a grievous groan,
He dist expresse the miseries he felt.
A heart of flint I think would surely melt,
To see a gentle shepheard thus cast down,
By Envies practise and great *Cynthyas* frowne.

You mighty Prince and high Potentates,
That with your Scepters sway great Monarchies,
You Lords and knights and all you meaner States;
Which do excell in haple dignities:
Fore-see your fall by envies Treacheryes;
And chase her from your habitation,
As Hagge of Hellish generation.

Observe her practises in tumbling down
The greatest princes of the Olderne times:
Bereving Monarchs of th' ImPeriall Crowne,
Against their persons urging fained Crymes,
As you may read in Poets golden Rymes.
And see in his most wofull Historie,
Glorious *Endymions* Catastrophie.

In Troy Town scituate in *Cambria*,
There dwelt this shepheard of a gentle race;
Neer fronting upon great *Mongomoria*,
There Princely *Arthur* kept his courtly place,
Gviding great *Albion* with his golden Mace,
Where Knights and Ladies cladde in princly weeds,
Shew'd testimony of their worthy deedes.

There

There did this gentle Shephard feed his flockes
There tuned he his well contrived Reed:
Sitting on top of higheſt *Ida* rocke,
Suffring his tender Lambes meane while to feed,
Whiles he, clad in his homely Country weed,
Sang Madrigals and Stanzies of great worth,
And deſcanted to bring his Muſicke forth.

Well could he ſing devine and ſecred layes,
With bleſſed notes as Poets did record,
In ſilvered lines painting high *Jouahs* praiſe,
And eke the death of chriſtians dying Lord.
Such Muſicke did he oft his flocke afford,
As made them leave their food to liſten well,
As if they were inchaunted with the ſpell.

Satyrs and *Siluans* at the harmonie,
Sometime came darting from the darkeſome Grove,
Approving oft the chaunting melodie,
And with their harſh and rurall voices ſtrove,
To ſound the praiſes of celeſtiall *Iove*;
But when their Pipes and voices diſagreed,
They held their peece and caſt away their reed.

Sometimes he made the Rocks for to rebound,
With *Eccho* of his Notes; ſometimes the dales,
And woods, and ſprings, to yeeld a burbling ſound,
As beaten with reflex of Madrigals;
Sibillas Oracles and prophets tales:
Which ſhew the way to immortalitie,
In perfect Hymnes of true divinity.

So well he could his warbling Notes divide,
That other Shepheards did his layes admire,
and ſet their notes as he their Pipes did guide,
Vntill they could unto the like aſpire:
Yet never tooke he recompence or hier,
But as he lay upon th'*Idean* hill,
He daily ſounded lowd his Oten quill,

Long liv'd upon this mount the gentle Swayne,
Recording songs unto the Deitie:
Till *Cynthia* walking with her blessed Traine,
Approrch'd the Shepheard and his melodie.
Where she observing well the harmonie,
With Majestie divine and princlie grace,
Retyr'd her selse and pauz'd a little space.

I well did view the Coronet she weare,
With Diamonds and Saphyres orient,
A Carkenet most pretious and rare,
Fretized with Carbuncles which *Hebæ* sent,
(The same which *Pyrocles* did first invent)
Did circle twise, her sacred neck, and breast,
In which the Muses, and the Graces, rest.

Between her paps alustrious Diamond;
Link'd to her Carkenet by curious Art,
(Of yore found out by skillfull *Belysond*,
And given by the mightie *Britomarte*)
So placed was that light it might impart,
To all inferiour Orbs in darkest night,
When *Phœbus* had with-draw'n his glorious light.

A surcote all of purple silke she wore,
Diapred with *Floras* curious skill,
Butned with orientall Pearles before,
With golden loops to fasten at her will,
Fram'd for her bodie by great *Astrophill*.
Such as *Bellona* used heretofore,
In chasing of the seirce *Adonian Bore*.

Waving and wide tuck't up unto her knee,
Adorned wicth a frinoge of purist gold,
Whence parell of the Lawne I chanc'd to see,
That whiter then it selse, here skine doth fould;
By *Physis* fram'd for feature uncontrould:
Like whitest Ivorie beautysull and trimme;
Whiter then the Swannes that in *Meander* swimme,

Part of her legges gave luſtre to my view,
As Ivory pillars bearing up the frame;
By that I judge my other ſpeeches true,
Which who ſo ſees ſhall veryfie the ſame.
Pardon divine and moſt Illuſtrions Dame,
Though ſimple Swaynes do glorifie thy name,
Since by this ſubject get we laſting fame.

Her Ivory legs and feet the buskins hide,
Of curious ſtuffe with gold imbelliſhed,
Leſt natures Ornaments ſhould be eſpyed,
Of worth-leſſe wantons, rude, unpoliſhed,
Or *Vnnus* brats of wits unfurniſhed:
For over all, ſhe vaild here with a Robe,
As azur'd welking over ſpreds the Globe.

Two Grey-hounds ſwift and whight as whiteſt ſnow
Attend her to perſue the nymble Deere:
And in her hand ſhe bare a dreadfull bow,
To kill the game, if any ſhould appear,
Or any deadly foe approach too neere,
Thus ſtands great *Cynthia* in the midſt of May,
With all her Traine to here *Endymions* Lay.

What was the Subject of the Shepheards Song,
Aske noble *Cynthia*, for ſhee can tell:
Liſt not now to keep you over long,
For needleſſe things become not ſtories well:
The *Stationers* the Shepheards muſicke ſel.
But liſten well Ile tell you more anon,
Of *Cynthias* Ladies and *Endymion*.

The firſt was *Vera* daughter to an Earle, *Vera.*
Whilom a Paragon of mickle might:
And worthily then tearmed *Albions* Pearle,
For beauty in expence, and force in fight,
(Meeliſt to give ſo great a prince his right)
In all the Tryumphs held in *Albion* ſoyle,
He never yet receiv'd diſgrace or foyle.

Onely some think he spent to much in vaine,
That was his fault: but give his honour due,
I arned he was just affable and plaine;
No traytor, but ever gratious, and true:
Gainst Princes peace a plot he never drew.
But as they be deceived that too much trust;
So trusted he some men, that prov'd unjust.

Weake are the wits that measure Noble-men,
By accidentall things that ebbe and flowe;
His learning made him honourable then,
As trees their goodnesse by their fruits do show,
So we do Princes by their vertues know.
For riches if they make a King; tell then;
What differ pooreſt Kings from pooreſt men?

One branch amongst the rest; he left behind,
To spred the glory of th'Oxonian lyne:
Noble by birth, true librall, and kind.
The glorious fruit of high *Cecilian* vaine;
Sacred in marriage with everlasting twine,
Which *Ivno* sponne for great *Mongomria*,
A mighty Prince in western *Cambria*.

Calandra, Hastingua.

Calandra was the next of Princely race,
Hastingua bred her, in her sacred Cell,
Of wisedome excellent, of modest grace,
Profoundest Oracles of Christan spell,
She wisely could unfold and plainely tell,
Ashebie de la Zonch. She learn'd this skill of that *Ashbeian* Prince,
Who often did *Carpocrates* convince.

Agape, Wortha.

Agape with *Musophila* the Bride,
Ladies of worth, and babes of *Sydneia*,
Euphues ornaments, and natures pride,
Musophila, Herberta. Nimphs, Pastorellas of *Arcadie*;
Fostered in the Muses Gunakeia.
These foure followed blessed *Cynthia*;
To view the gardens of Hesperida.

With

With many another honourable Dame,
Blesſed *Phileta*, *Clara*, *Candida*; Phileta. Clara. Candida.
Theſe lodge within the houſe of *Cynthia*,
Within the Land of *Terra Florida*,
Frouting the Fountaines of *Caſtalida*;
There circle fareſt *Cynthia* in a Ring,
While ſhe doth ſtay to hear *Endymion* ſing.

The jewels which they word gave ſuch a ſhine,
Vpon a ſuddain to the ſillie Swain,
That all unable were his feeble eyne,
So great a luſter longer to ſuſtaine,
Downe fell his pipes, dead was his muſick ſtraine,
For private men, hardly behold her face,
But ſtraight they ſtand a mazed in the place,

But *Cynthia* ſtoop'd and took him up again,
And rub'd his Temples with her tender hand:
Each Ladie ſtrove to take the greateſt paine,
To rouſe him from his Trance, and make him ſtand.
Each way to ſave his life, was deeply ſcand,
But all in vain, till *Cynthia* layd aſide,
Her Maieſtie, that daunteth rurall pride.

At laſt the ſilly Shepheard gan reviue.
Yet amas'd he knew not where he was:
But ſtood as one half dead, and halfe a live,
As often times we ſee it come to paſſe
(For morrall man compared is to graſſe)
Flora cannot ſuſtaine the parching heat,
Of *Phœbus* beames unceſſantly to beat.

But ſhe that knew the cauſe of his diſtreſſe,
Releived him with words of ſweeteſt grace
And ſaid: Thou gentle Swaine, the Gods thee bleſs
Be of good cheere: Caſt ſorrows from thy face:
Keep on thy laye, and bleſſed be thy race:
Three happie he that taught thy Muſick ſownd,
Joye to their hearts, whom Miſery doth wound.

Caſt fear away, Ile be thy Patroneſſe:
While *Cynthia* lives *Endymion* is ſure;
Let no aſtoniſhment thy mind oppreſſe:
Thus did her gracious words, the Shepheard cure.
Who looking up with countenance demure,
Bowing himſelf with humble reverance,
Addreſſ'd this ſpeech, unto her Excellence.

Renowned *Cynthia* glory of thy Sexe,
For learning had in admiration:
The ſhine of whoſe illuſtrious reflex,
May dazle wits of high inuention:
Divine Miſtreſſe of Elocution,
Pardon poor Shepheards, rued and worthleſs Rymes,
Not ſuch as were the Ladyes of Oldern Times.

Rare is thy skill, in mightie Poſie;
Whom Poets Lavreat crown, with laſting Bayes,
In Songs of never dying Memorie,
Such as greater *Homer* ſung in former dayes.
When he with Hymnes, did chaſt *Caſſandra* praiſe.
O let me live I pray thee, on this Hill.
And tune in Country ſort my crazed Quill.

This modeſt ſute, (quoth *Cynthia*) is not fit
For thee to crave; nor for my ſtate to graunt:
Thou oughtſt in higher ſtrainet. advauce thy wit,
And ſacred Notes mongſt learned men to chaunt;
Mee liſt not to thy face thy Muſick vaunt.
I like it well, and this may thee ſuffice,
Songs of no worth I utterly deſpiſe.

If thou accounteſt my judgment any thing,
And deemſt me farre remot from flatterie,
Let me entreat thee once againe to ſing,
Melodies Notes of ſweeteſt Harmonie
For ſuch do pleaſe the higheſt Deitie,
And comfort us after our weary Howers,
Which we have ſpent in gathering Giliflowers.

The Shephard lowting low, made obeysanc.
To all the blesſed Ladies in their gree:
He promiſed to ſhew his puiſſance,
And took his Pipe downe from a lawrell Tree.
(For hundreds ſuch on *Ida* planted be)
Appollo ſet them circle-wiſe for wonder.
To ſhrowd the Shephards from lam *Vulcanes* thunder.

And all the Ladies plac'd themſelves arow,
To compaſſe round the mighty *Cynthia*.
Before was never ſeene ſuch glorious ſhowe,
To grace *Endymion* in *Cambria*.
Who (encouraged by *Muſophila*,
The Lady Bride, and Bride of happy choice)
Tun'de well his Pipe, unto his trembling voyce.

And ſang the Song of vniverſall *Pan*,
High Soveraigne God, and Prince of Happines:
When, where, and how, great *Iove* this Globe began,
To ſhew his everlaſting Mightines.
How everiie Orb his center doth poſſeſſe,
And all things elſe as now they framed been,
In bleſſed order, comely to be ſeen,

I heard him ſing a Lay of mickle worth,
Which I by parts will orderly relate,
Help me great *Cynthia* to ſet it forth,
Being choice Melody and intricat,
Prized by Poets at the higheſt rate.
A Subject fit for *Sydneys* eloquence,
High *Chaucers* vaine, and *Spencers* influence.

The Song.

BEfore this world (quoth he) was ſet in frame,
Or any thing had Eſſence, forme, or Name,
Or Sunn, or Moon, or ſtarry Firmament,
Or Planetary Orbes, or Element,

Or Snow, or Haile, or any Meteor,
Where of each Element produceth store;
Or Sea, or Sand, or Pearle, or Fowle, or Fish,
Or any Iewell, which the world may wish,
Or *Flora's* Mantle garnished with flowers,
Wherewith your Ladies deck your princely Bowers:
Or Trees or Beasts, or any creeping things,
Which nature in a bundance dayly brings:
Or Gold, or Silver, Copper, lead or Brasse,
Or glorious Man, or blessed woman was,
Or any thing that may be thought upon,
Had either state or constitution;
There was one soveraign God, which was call *Pan*,
That cannot be defin'd by mortall man,
Ieh va. Some call him *Iove* for his Existenc,
Elohim. Some *Elohim* for his Excellence,
Theos ἀπὸ τυ Some call him *Theous* for his burning light
θέειν. Some call him *Deus*, for his fearfull might.
Deus quasi Some call him mighty *Teragrammaton*
δεὸς Timor Of latters fower in composition,
There is no Region under neath the skie,
The Deitie Written by 4. Letters. But by foure letters write the deitie.
For fower is a perfect number squar,
And æquall sides in every part doth bear.
We call'd that Good, which now we call God, And God is that which some time Good we nam'd:
Before our English Tongue was shorter fram'd:
Pan in the *Greek*, the shepheards do him call,
Which we do terme the whole universall.
All in himself, All one, All every where,
All in the Center, All out, All in the Speare,
All seeing all: All comprehending all,
All blessed, Almightie, All æternall,
Comprehended in no circumference
Of one beginning, nor ending silence,
Not capable of composition,
Qualitie, accident, division,
Passion, forme, or alteration.
All permanent without Mutation.

Principall Mover alwaies in action,
Without wearinesse or intermission,
Immortall, and without infirmity,
Of everlasting Splendent Majesty,
One in Essence, not to be divided,
Yet into Trinity distinguished.
Three in one essence, one essence in three,
A wonder I confesse too hard for me.
Yet divine Poets innumerable,
With stroug Arguments unresistable,
As Theorems, and Demonstrations,
Deliver it, to our Contemplations.
The Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost these three
Are subsistent persons in the Deitie
Abba, *Ben*, *Ruach*, blessed poets sing,
Are the true Names of *Pan* cœlestiall King.
This may suffice, to shew a mystery,
That passeth mortall mans Capacitie.
Now to proceed: Blessed and immortall *Pan*
Was not alone before this world began,
Yet were no Angels as then created,
Nor Angels Offices destinated.
Nor could their attendance do him pleasure,
In whom consisted all blessed treasure,
All comprehending *Pan* was then no where.
A certaine place must every Angel bear.
Not circumspective but definitive.
Pan fils each place in manner repletive.
But *Abba*, *Ben*, *Ruach* in Trinity,
Making one *Pan* in perfect vnitie,
Whole *Pan* in each, and each of these in *Pan*,
A mystery that passeth reach of man,
These were sufficient of themselves to frame,
This glorious Engine which we *Cosmos* name.
Who when he pleas'd to make his glory know'n
And have his power manifestly show'n
He putteth on triumphant Majesty,
That all his creatures might him glorifie.

Abba, Father.
Ben, Sonne.
Ruach, Spirit.

Angels not made before Heaven.

The Reason, Circumscrip Definitive Repletive.

Place.

Cosmos: the world.

And at one inſtant with his onely word,
As a moſt mighty, and imperiall Lord,
This wondrous frame of Heaven and Earth we ſee,
At once were made in ſubſtance as they be.
Yet was this frame a Maſſe unpoliſhed,
Uoid of all forme, rude and ungarniſhed,
Water, Earth, Ayre, Fire, together blended,
As if Confuſion were the thing intended.
But mighty *Ruach* ſpred his powerfull wings,
Vpon this Maſſe, of all confuſed things;
And kept it warme, making it apt to take,
Such different forme as pleaſed *Pan* to make.
So mighty *Iove* commanded ſeparation,
Twixt light and heavie things for generation.
And light of bodies made a Circumference;
In circle wiſe from th'earth for difference.
And made the earth both faſt and permanent,
The Center of th'vniverſall continent.
And all theſe light bodies did he then diſpoſe,
Ten heavens. Into ten Heavens, the reſt to encloſe,
The Imperiall heaven firſt and principall,
Cœlum Empyreum. Moſt large and beautifull glorious, eternall,
Where *Pan* himſelfe, doth uſually reſt,
Where Angels dwel, and ſacred ſoules are bleſt.
Primum Mobile. The ſecond the moving heaven is,
Nor *Chriſtaline* as many think amiſſe,
Whereby all other Orbs doe chiefly move,
Cœlum Stellaticum. According to the will of *Pan* above.
The third is call'd the ſtarry Firmament,
Which to our view is alwaies eminent.
Packtfull of ſtarres as Golden Nailes in Poaſt,
To give a luſtre unto every coaſt:
To give direction to them that ſaile,
From port to port, for their Countries availe.
Phiades. Hyades. To bring ſweet ſhewers to *Tellus* excellence,
As they ariſe by bleſſed influence.
One ſhepherd thought this orbe the firſt that moved.
Ariſt. de cœlo. But falſe it is by many reaſons proved,

In

In order then doth follow Planets ſeaven,
Knowne to each Figure-ſlinger under heaven,
That wize from thence many an uncouth tale,
As if great *Pan* were cloſed in their Male,
With fierie *Trigons* and watry *Triplicitie*,
They dazell the minds of humane ſimplicitie,
Turning the true nature of Aſtronomie,
Into judiciall *Egyptian* Sophiſtrie,
For Plants ſhew their oppoſition,
Trine Quartile, Sextile, or Coniunction,
Whereto the weather and bodies do encline,
By Natures courſe, not prophecie divine.
Nor can they ſhew by any ſecret ſtare,
Whether thou ſhalt die in priſon or in warre,
Yet doubt we not, the Starres have operation,
Working a ſecret inclination.
But what and how many of theſe Starres there be,
Of that infinite number which we ſee.
Whether the thouſand and two and twentie,
Which Shepheards ſingle out of that plentie;
Or all the ſtares together in the Skie,
Can ſhew when, and where, thou and I ſhall die,
Or all the vertues of the Planets ſeaven,
Can prove thee damn'd, or bring thee unto heaven:
Sith judgement of the ſtarres can all things ſhew,
They can unfold this Myſtery I trow.
The end of ſtarres as ſeely ſhepheards faine,
Was to illuminate this darkeſome plaine,
And to demonſtrat to men of reaſon,
Spring, Summer, Harveſt, and Winter ſeaſon.
Not to fore ſhew what ceartaine ſhall befall,
To every part of this vniverſall.
But to conclude, I ſay as I began,
A modeſt wiſe dome well beſeemes a man.
Yet theſe are the names of Planets ſeaven,
As neere as ſimple ſhepheards can them even,
Saturne, *Iupiter*, and *Mars*, are three,
Next to the ſtarry Welken in degree,

Caſter of figures.

1022 ſtarres knowne.

The end why the ſtars were made.

Three other heavens or Orbs.
Saturne ♄
Iupiter ♃
Mars ♂

Much flowere then the reſt in motion,
Becauſe of their lofty Conſtitution.
Sol. ⊙ *Phœbus* is next, which we call *Sol* the Sunne,
Without whoſe light the world were cleane undone.
Without whoſe heat no thing that liv's could live,
For light and heat, no Planet elſe doth give.
He is the Foſt'rer of this earthly Round,
And all the creatures that therein be found,
Piercing all things below with powerfull Raies
(Hark how the chirping Birds do chaunt his praiſe)
He ſwiftly runnes over th'vniuerſall,
In twenty foure howers a day naturall;
And yet he keeps a ſtation divine,
Staying one moneth in every Zodiacke Signe.
Producing creatures of ſuch variety,
As mov's all menit'admire his Deitie.
No Starre within the Welking taketh place,
But borrowes light of his reſplendent grace.
The mighty Ocean is nouriſhed by him,
Phœbe her ſelfe without his light is dim.
Ioves winged meſſenger ſweet *Mercury*,
Is fed by *Phœbus* bleſſed harmonie.
Venus the darling to the god of warre,
Doth never reſt if *Phœbus* be too fare,
The bottome of the Sea, the fiſh, the ſand,
Receive their comfort from his bleſſed hand.
Tellus her ſelfe and *Flora* in her pride,
Die and conſume, if *Phœbus* looke aſide.
The Diamond, Saphyr, and Ruby red,
By *Phœbus* ſcorching heat are ingendred:
The golden mettals in the deepeſt Mine,
Do conſecrate their being to his Shrine.
Cere that Queene doth fade and pine away,
If mighty *Phœbus* hide his golden ray.
Yea *Bacchus* and *Pales*, are ſoone withered,
If *Phœbus* in the Spring do hide his head.
Æternall night ſhall all the world oppreſſe,
If *Phœbus* do with-draw his golden Treſſe.

There

There was a Light before there was a Sunn,
And Day and Night before *Phœbus* begun.
Yet is the Sunn the cause of Day and night.
Shepheards divine must judge the reason right;
They say a glimering light did whirling wend,
From East to West, unto none other end,
But to supplie for a time *Phœbus* place,
Till he was made to runn his princely race.
But then this whirling light that Heav'n graced,
Contracted was, and in great *Phœbus* placed,
Who ever since was cause of Night and Day,
As learned Shephards sounding in their lay.
Next is the Orbe, and Spheare of *Cytharea*, *Venus.* ♀
Lame *Vulcans* wife, unconstant *Dalila*,
Cupids mother, *Diana's* mortall foe,
Cause of most warrs which Gallants undergo.
When bloody fight the god of warr hath griev'd,
The joyes of *Venus* hath him oft relieved:
Therefore hath *Venus Vulcans* bed forsaken,
And dreadfull *Mars* his lodging undertaken,
But why doth Beauties Queene love men so well?
whos words are wounds whos frowns do death foretell
She Triumpheth in his Coniunction,
She's grieved at his opposition:
When he is merrie, then she laughs or smiles,
And with conceits the longest night beguiles.
Can there be any perfect Sympathie,
T'wixt bloodie warrs, and Chamber-melodie?
Else *Pan* forbid: but let us understand,
The matter well that we do take in hand.
T'wixt warrs and peace can be no Sympathie,
But men and woman are in peace pardie.
Great *Pan* ordain'd as shepheards do relate,
Contrary Eliments without debate,
Should altogether in one bodie dwell,
Leaving each other, and a greeing well,
So though *Mars* be bloodie in his Center,
Yet is he pacified if *Venus* enter.

Day and night before the Sun was made, *Genese.* 1.

Againe

Againe fair *Venus* with ſmiling pleaſance
Know's how t'aſſwage his angrie countenance,
So that there is a perfect harmonie,
Twixt white and blacke directly contrarie,
Which being mixed do agree for ever,
Whom neither Art, or Nature, can diſſever.
And this is the reaſon, as ſhepherds skan,
Why a faire Ladie loves a Martial man.
Next comes to our conſideration.

Mercurius. ☿ *Mercurie* fraught with ſophiſtication.
Nimble, ingenious, buſie as the Bees,
Wittie, as an Ape, to follow what he ſees.
In each thing ſome skill, in full Art no bodie:
Thus whirleth about this Mercurial nodie.
Prate like a Perrot, and ready of tongue,
At dice, Cards, and gaming all the day long.
Of wit ſharp and ſubtil, of quick apprehenſion
Fit to exployt any rare mad invention
Why theſe be Mercurial, if thou wouldeſt weet!
It's becauſe *Mercurius* hath winged feet,
All deſignments to put in execution,
As Planets ſuperior work revolution.
Faithfully keeping his circular Spheer,
Paſſing the Zodiack ſignes in one whole year.

Luna ☽ Now muſt we ſpeake of earths bleſſed mother.
The loweſt Planet ſwifter then other,
Loweſt of all, and neereſt to our view,
Reſplendent *Phœbe*, chaſte, powerfull and true.
Glorious Nurſe of all this lower frame,
Infuſing moyſture to the burning flame,
Of parching *Phœbus*, whoſe fierie beames,
She doth allay, and coole with moiſtning ſtreames.
The *Moone*, *Lyaea*, *Phœbe*, *Cynthia*,
Shepheards call her in *Terra Florida*

Apoſtrophe ad Heroinam quandam Mariam Pemb. One of her names I doe aſcribe to thee,
In whom her princely vertues ſeated be.
Dee'r Princeſſe Laureat of *Hellicon*,
Deigne to accept it from *endymion*,

Since

Since thou participat'st with her in qualitie,
Her name thy mightineſſe ſhall dignifie.
I call her *Phœbe* now for difference,
Betweene thy ſelfe and her Magnificence.
All things upon, and all within the round,
Vnto her Soveraigntie are deepely bound,
Her greatneſſe is the nine and thirtieth part,
Of all the earth as ſhepheards finde by Art.
In eight juſt houres, and ſeaven and twenty daies,
She runs through the twelve Zodiack ſignes alwaies,
She ſwiftly paſſeth through the Zodiacke,
Great *Phœbus* in his courſe to overtake.
In twelve houres and nine and twenty dayes,
She over takes the Sunne, *Ptolomie* ſaies.
And this is juſtly called heavens wonder,
That theſe two Planets diſtant farre aſonder,
Once every month, meet in conjunction.
To celebrate matrimoniall function.
O joyfull time when theſe two Lovers meet!
When with ſweet Congies one doth th'other greet.
But when they meet long time they cannot ſtay,
Phœbus muſt part ſwift time calles him away.
Phœbe returnes to undertaken taske,
No houre granted in idleneſſe to maske.
Phœbus parting gives her light ſufficient,
T'lluminate th'inferior Continent.
Which like a faithfull wife ſhe doth diſpoſe,
Proportionable to the need of thoſe,
That high or low have their habitation
Capable of her Conſtellation;
She waggoneth to *Neptunes* Palace then,
That wonneth in the mighty Ocean:
She views the Creeks, Ports, Havens, and Towers,
And gives them Floods and Ebbes at certaine houres
Which evermore ſhe truly doth obſerve,
Not one momentall minute doth ſhe ſwerve,
Which skill full Mariners as well can tell,
As little babies can their Crotterow ſpell.

The Moone the 39 part of the earth.

Thence ſhe doth ſearch the Caverns of the deep,
Where ſtrange and hydeous monſters uſe to keep,
Hydrippus, *Balana*, and *Hydra* fell,
Gendred by *Cerberus* Porter of Hell,
Hiſs'dring by vertue their venemous brood,
Drenching their ſpawne in the briniſh flood.
That ſayling paſſengers at their leaſure,
Mought ſafely touch their port with pleaſure.
She views the bottom of the Ocean,
Where never walked mortall living man.
There been ſhell-fiſhes innumerable,
Armed with ſcaly-ſhields impenetrable.
There lies Muſcles with Pearles repleniſhed,
Where with the Robes of Nimphes been garniſhed.
There growen the Scallop, Cockle, Welke and Oyſter
The Tortoyſe, Creviſe, and creeping Lobſter,
Lympet, a round ſhell, which women lay upon the nepples of their ſore breaſts.
The Lympet, Sea-ſnail, with infinite moe,
Which in the treaſury of *Thetis* go;
All theſe ſhe cheriſheth, as if they were
The nobleſt creatures in the higheſt Sphere,
She gives them gifts that moſt of them ſhould yawne
At each full Sea for comforting their ſpawne.
And to the ſea ſhe gives daily motion,
To ebbe and flow to voyde corruption.
She giv's her fertill generation,
And perfect Meanes of Vegitation.
So that *Thetis* hath more proviſion,
Of fiſh and fowle in great diviſion:
Then all th'inhabitable Earth can ſhow,
Or skill of mortall man can know.
But all that of the Sea is ſaid, or done,
Is to demonſtrate the glory of the Moone,
For the Seas place and conſtitution,
Requireth a ſpeciall diſcourſe alone.
And is reſerved to his proper place,
So I'le proceede to ſpeake of *Phabes* grace,
And ſhow how ſhe within her Spherick Globe,
Cheriſheth great *Tellus* and *Flora's* Robe;

Coschelling

Cotchelling all things in their infancie,
Till they have got ſtrength and maturitie.
There is no man, or woman, Art, or Trade,
Nor any thing that mighty *Pan* hath made,
Nor Tree, nor, Plant, nor hearb, nor graſs, nor flower,
But is maintained by her mighty power.
She ſhewes the Plowman when to ſow the ground,
To crop, to fell, to have his timber ſound;
She wizeth Surgeons when to ope a Vaine;
To eaſe the ſicke, and ſtop it faſt againe.
She ſhowes Phyſitions times neceſſarie,
To purge by Pils, drink or Electuarie,
To cure Rheums, fluxes, and bodies laxative,
To give a medicine preparative,
To give a vomite, cliſter, or gargariſe:
Marking the ſigne wher-in fair *Phœbe* lyes.
Theſe ſacred vertues, qualities divine,
Do make her wonderfull in ſhepheards eine,
And ſtrain the world to celebrate her name,
With lovely Hymnes and everlaſting fame,
Thus were the heavens orderly diſpoſed,
By glorious *Pan* as you have heard diſcloſed.
Yet is *Endymions* task but now begon,
When one would think his web were wholly ſpoun
Vnfold he muſt an other myſterie,
And anatomize divine Philoſophie.
How the vaſt ſpace t'wixt heaven and earth was fil'd
With elementall Spheares as *Iova* wil'd,
That Emptineſſe might have no habitation,
Amongſt the workes of Gods creation.
O you Cæleſtiall ever-living fires,
That done inflame our hearts with high deſires;
Our Spokes beene blunt, rude, harriſh, uncooth,
Vnable in Myſteries to know the ſooth.
Vnkempt, unpoliſhed, ignorant lewde,
Vneth with one drop of *Nectar* bedwede.
High are the Myſteries we take in hand,
To diſcuſſe of fire, aier, ſea, and land.

With every thing there in contained,
And by the wisdom of *Pan* ordeyned.
On bended knee therefore with humble prostration,
Endymion maketh his supplication,
To illuminate the Eyes of his blinded mind,
The secrets of this lower world to find,
To discover them to men unlettred.
Whose knowledge with ignorance is fettred.
And he will sacrifice unto your shrine,
The fat of Lambs and sweetest Eglantine:
With Garlands of Roses and Gilliflowers,
Hee'l decke and garnish all your sacred Bowers,
And with his choicest Notes and Roundelayes,
Cause Hill's and Dales to celebrate your praise,
And all the bordring Shepheards shall admire,
The strange effects of your Cœlestiall Fyre.
The force whereof doth make me to entreat,
Of that which doth adjoyne to *Phœbus* seate;
The Element of Fire. Which is thought to be the firy Element,
Above the rest for lightnes excellent,
Most rare and thinne, most hot, yet doth not shine,
Of no colour, yet of qualitie Divine.
Round in Fygure, yet most swiftly moves,
Not of it selfe as *Aristotle* proves:
But by the mighty Agitation,
Of Planets superiour in operation,
Next to the Moon in constitution,
Speedie, and swift in revolution.
Giving heat to every thing compound,
That hath his being in the lower round.
Not Conspicuous to any mortall Eye
Because of his Thinnes, and Raritie,
Yet burneth and consumeth utterly,
What so resisteth his flaming Furie.
iery meteors He worketh straunge Meteors in the Night,
Which shepheards haun often in their sight.
By vapours drawn from the heat of the Sunne,
hat a Mete- From out of the Earth to *Aers* high Region.

Which

Which vapours (once by this Fyre enflamed)
Expreſſe ſtrange formes which Meteors are named.
Such as the Comets and the blazing Stars,
By which ſome ſhepheards prognoſticate wars.
But certaine they ſignifie ſtirilitie,
By reaſon of the Earth's great ſiccity,
For want of Shewers and ſweet moiſtning Rayne,
The cauſe of ſpringing, and growing of Graine.
For Comets alwaies in Summer appeare,
When *Ceres* calleth *Aquarius* for Beere.
The ſhorteſt Time, that blazing ſtarres remayne,
Is ſeven dayes as Philoſophers ſayne;
The longeſt time is dayes foure-ſcore,
(Too long, by ſo long for *Pierce Plowmans* ſtore,)
And then they diſolved into Ayre or fire,
As the ſubſtance of the vapers require.
Starrs of falſe *Helena*, and Stars flying,
Knowne to Marriners in their long ſayling,
Are within the Comets comprehended,
And from th'Elemental fire deſcended.
So *Caſtor*, and *Pollux*, are to Saylers known,
By theſe their Ruine, or ſafetie is ſhowen.
This Comet ſometime lighteth on the Maſt,
Thence flyeth to the Sayl's and tackings in haſte;
Skipping here and there without certaine byding,
The matter's unctuous, and muſt needs be glyding:
And if it appeare before the ſtorme begin,
It fore tels the perrils that the Ship is In.
Then they call it the ſtarre of *Helena*,
Hell's Furie, Deaths meſſenger, fierce *Megara*;
They wale and wring their wofull hands for griefe,
They look for death expecting no reliefe,
But if ſuch Comets fall when ſtormes are ended,
They ſay that *Caſtor* and *Pollux* them defended,
They joy and revell vowing Sacrifice,
For life is eſteemed the richeſt prize,
This Comet conſtraineth the greateſt wight.
To magnifie *Pans* majeſtie and might.

Comets.

They Signifie Warr of corn.

The ſhorteſt and longeſt time that Comets endure.

Starres of *Helena*.

Caſtor and *Pollux*.

When that Comets is called *Helena*, & when *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

The profit we reape by this

Who forwarn's them of dangers imminent,
Tomake the Saylors wiſe and provident,
All meanes within board, carefully t'adviſe,
For dreadfull stormes ſhall preſently ariſe.
If ſtormes be ended when they ſee it fall,
It is a Meſſenger unto them all,
His glorious Name, on knees to magniſie,
Tha ha th preſerved them ſo graciouſſlie,

Fiery vapors in Church-yards and about places of Execution.

Such firie vapours often-times are ſeen,
In Church-yards, and places where dead bodies been
Buryed, or executed in Summer-time,
In time of peſtilence, or for ſome crime,
which Idiot's ſay'n bin dead-mens Ghoſts or Sprights
Walking thoſe places in the irke-ſome Nights.
When as no mortall man can be able,
To prove or defend ſuch ridiculous Fable.
For Shepheards ſayn by naturall reaſon;
That from Bodyes buried in Summer ſeaſon,
An unctuos vapour, hot and dry doth riſe,
Which *Phœbus* ſeazeth according to his guiſe,
And doth inflame it in a little ſpace,
Making it tumble up and downe the place.
Such fiery vapours, ſometimedo abide,
Vpon the bodyes of men that lightly ride,
Or on their horſes-bodies as they nimbly pace,
Daftly removing ſeat, from place, to place.
For when men poſt lightly they getten heat,
Which being turned to an Oyly-ſweate.
Sends forth drie vapours which the ſunne doth take,
Whereof he doth a skipping-fire make.

Colours about or above the Moone.

For colours which oft in the Welkin ſeeme,
Which been firie Meteors as men do deeme,
They be not very colours in the Skie:
Our eye ſight fail's us looking ſo high;
Theſe have not the Sunnes inflamation,
Nor any firey Generation,

A circle about the Moone.

But mighty vapours drawn from the Sun aloft,
Which to us repreſenten colours oft;

A circling

A circling garland compaſſeth the Moone,
Preſaging winds and Tempeſts riſing ſoone:
Blackiſh in colour, of thick compoſition,
Shewing the weather by foule diſpoſition.
This is no inflamed fiery Meteor,
But a cloudy, moiſty, darke, thicke, vapour.
One bright ſhining circle greateſt of all,
Which learned Shepheards *Galaxia* call,
A beaten high-way to the Gods Palace,
Glorious, beautyfull, full of Solace.
Shyning moſt cleare in a Froſtie Night:
And in the ſtarry firmament is pight.
Yet is not a vapour, nor meteor we know,
Nor drawne from the Sunne which is fare below.
But ſhining moſt bright by reſplendant grace,
By the beauty of ſtares that furniſh the place.
Beſides, ſtares diſperſed, one hundred and eight,
Stares of Note, of high regard, and weight:
With glorious beames their ſhining diſplay,
And hence it's called the milky-white way,
And if you will weet what ſtarres they hight,
That maken the welkin in that place ſo bright:
Lyſten you Shepheards Ile ſet them in order,
As they have done garniſh, that circulare Border,
Caſſiopeia hath thirteene ſtares of Note,
Wherewith ſhe frettizeth her purple Cote,
The ſilvered Swan that dying ſweetly ſings,
Adorn's with twelve ſtarres here beautifull wings.
The ſoaring Eagle bearing *Ioves Ganymed*,
With foure Orientall Starres garniſhed.
The hatefull *Scorpion* doth never fayle,
Of five bright Torches in her poiſoned Tayle.
Sagitarius the Archer bringeth Three,
And the *Centaur* twiſe as many as he,
Twentie three ſtares, the noble ſhip of Greece,
Bring's in as Lamp's to ſpie the golden fleece,
The *Twinn's* eighteene; The *Wagoner* ſeaven,
Perſeus ſeaventeen, to lighten this heaven.

Galaxia a ſhining white path, in the middeſt of Heaven in a froſty night.

The ſtarres of Note that maketh *Galaxia* cleare.

Caſſiopeia, 13.
Cygnus, 12.
Aquila, 4.
Cauda Scorpionis, 5.
Sagitarius, 3.
Centaurus, 6.
Nauis Argoli, 23.
Gemini, 18.
Auriga, 7.
Perſeus, 17.

All

All theſe Stares maken one hundred and eight,
Bright and conſpicuons with out deceite.
Sporades Stellæ dispersæ sine ordine. *Sporades* alſo diſpearſed Stares been,
Confuſedly mixing their glimmering Sheen,
Theſe been the ſtares that maken ſo bright,
The welkins broad way which ſeemeth ſo white.
Yet not in any ſort colour verament,
For no colours hath the ſtarrie Firmament.
Iris the raine-bow. Nor is the Rayne-bow a firie Meteor,
Though there appeare in it colours ſtore,
But is a myſtie exhallation,
By great *Phœbus* without inflamation,
After a ſhower appearing in the ayre,
Shewing the weather thenceforth to be faire.
And ever appeareth halfe circlewiſe,
Oppoſite to *Phœbus* alwaies doth riſe;
Having three colours ſeeming in our eye,
Red, Yellow, Green, in the low Region Aerie.
Red higheſt, as neereſt th'Elementall Fire,
A white wateriſh Yeallow, next place doth require,
The loweſt like Emeraulde green as the graſſe,
Reflicting ſuch colours to us (like a Glaſſe,
Taking the forme as it isobjected,
Preſently ſending the ſame eſor me reflected
Backe to the Author, and doth not containe,
Raine-bow in the Night. Any ſuch forme till you ſhow it againe)
Sometimes a Raine-bow ſhewetth in the night,
After a ſhower of Colour wateriſh white,
Not red nor green; to the Moone oppoſite.
Thus glorious *Pan* diſcovereth his Might.
But divine Shepheards ſoothly ſayen,
In their high Layes with wordes plaine:
That though it be, one thing by generation,
It's another thing incontemplation.
Repreſenting to us all fickerly,
A ſealed eternall Teſtimonie,
That this center of the vniuerſall round,
As once it was ſhould not again be drownd.

Nor

Nor cloudy waters hie; Nor Seas below,
Should dare presume the earth to over-flow.
But should them hold in their habitation,
That man and beast should have a quiet Station.
Thus blessed glorious everlasting *Pan*,
Safely provided for the life of man.
Some other things the Philosopers have named,
The Firie beene, and are not yet inflamed.
The burning Thunderbolt the lightning flash, Thunder-bolt.
That Trees, Beasts and buildings in peeces dash. and lightning
Wreaking by fell spite on the world this injury:
Confounding all things in their spightfull fury,
That mortall wights, taken them for Fiends of Hell,
That in a moment simple creatures quell.
Of so swift and forceable penetration,
Of so sudden motion, and operation,
Yea, of so wonderfull a qualitie,
By reason of their hotte agility:
That things incredible by them been done,
As sowring the Wine and saving the Tonne;
Breaking the sword, not hurting the sheath,
The stemme of an Oke in peeces they wreath.
And upon the world bring desolation,
Seeming to spoyle the frame of creation.
The fiery whirl-winds which we *Prester* call, whirle winde drie Prester.
Of fearfull wonders exceeden all.
Which beene hot drie vapours wheirled together,
From th'earth to heaven no man knowes whither.
In forme of a circled Piller they wend,
And through our Region of th'Ayre ascend.
With violent motion making a preye,
Of each loose parcell that stands in their way,
Gyring and whirling up to the skie,
(Some Laundresses seene theire lynnen so flye)
Brute beasts at the comming thereof doe crie,
As fearing their imminent ieopardy.
These taken ships out of the Ocean,
And carien them beyonde the skill of man.

Letting them fall from the Ayrie region,
To their utter Ruine and Subverſion.
Whole Flouds of waters from the bryniſh-ſtore,
Of *Thetis* they ſucke up for evermore.
Carrying them to the aires middle region,
The coldneſs whereof ſtoppeth them Anon.
Driving them downe head long to the Center.
Spouts of water in the Sea, Not ſuffering them that Region to enter.
So [illegible] once they fall downe ſuddainly,
As a great Mountaine by extremitie.
Drowning whole ſhips under-ſayle in their Rage,
For nothing but death may their furie aſſwage,
The uſe of this point of Philoſophy. The profit we get by this conſideration,
Is to have Gods workes in Admiration,
And to be-think us, with what facilitie,
Pan can deſtroy, all humane Hoſtilitie.
And ſo to humble us under his hand,
That free from dangers we may ſafely ſtand.
Stedfaſtly hoping to ſtand unreproveable,
As mighty Mountaines unremoueable.
Now hence muſt we proceed in continent,
The Ayre. To deſcant in the Aiery Element,
Being ſimple, and ſubtile, thinne, rare and quick,
Pierced by the groſs ſubſtance, heavie, and thick:
Capable of all formes and Figures iniected,
Whereby here body is often infected;
Scituat next to the fire in degree,
By reaſon of his tranſparent Levitie.
Receiving Meteors elementarie,
According as aſcending vapours varie.
Affording breath to every earthly thing,
That openeth mouth, or flyes with feathered wing.
Yea the fiſhes in the Ocean were dead,
If cold thicke-yce the Ocean over-ſpread.
Which joyeth in Aires reſpiration,
To keepe the waters from corruption.
For fiſhes in the deep been murdered,
If Ayers refreſhing Gales been hindered.

Hotte

Hotte and moyſt, by eſſentiall qualitie,
Yet hath a coole-refreſhing propertie.
By reaſon of the waters vicinitie,
Sending forth vapors cold continually.
Which by the Ayrs Agitation,
Are made a temperat reſpiration;
Aided by the cooling of the breathing wind,
Where'by this Element is oft refin'd,
And men, and beaſt, and every thing that liv's,
Is nouriſhed by the temperature it giv's,
And wormes abandoned from budding trees,
And extreme heat, allayed by degrees.
Thus was the ſplendent Ayrie Element,
Placed by *Pan* with perfect Complement,
Diſtinguiſhed into reaſons three,
As bookiſh ſhepheards evidently ſee;
The higheſt next the firie Element,
The middle ſecond's it incontinent:
The loweſt is that ſpace wherein we dwell,
Whereof great Philophers wonders tell.
The firſt is hotte: the middle extreme cold;
The third is temperate for reaſons told.
The loweſt Orbe the Fowles doon glorifie.
And with ſweet Notes great *Pan* do magnifie
The Eagle, Griffin, Falcon, Merlion,
The Nightingale, and the turtle Pidgeon,
The Thruſh, the Lynnet, and mounting Larke,
Beſides the Fowles that flyen in the darke,
The Kittour piping in a Syrinx Reede,
Wayling that virgins leſſe in mourning weed,
With fouls of Price and worth Innumerable,
Where-with great ſtates garniſhed their Table.
Theſe take delight to ſport them in their Ayre,
Cheefely if *Phœbus* make the Region faire,
The middle Region's the coldeſt in Place,
For *Phœbus* there yet never ſhewed his Face.
Which is the cauſe of Sleet, of Hayle, of Snow,
All which by verute of this Region grow.

Three Regi-ons of the Ayre.

The middle Region cold.

The highest hot.

The higher Region of the Ayre is hot;
Where all the fiery Meteors ar begot.
Being placed next the fiery Element,
Which doth inflame with heat that Regiment
The Meteors to the Ayre destinated,
Are simply windes, and earth-quakes nominated
Including in a vapour others there be,
Which yet are Meteors in their degree.
As stormes, & whirl-winds, and the mighty Thunder
Rumbling as if heaven would cleave asunder.
Windes are vapours included in a Cave,
Whence by *Phœbus* force they issue have;
And drawne by heate to the mid Region,
(Which is all cold by constitution)
There they would enter, but being expelled,
To be dispersed they are compelled,
To every part of this our lower ayer,
Whereby they purge it, and make it so faire.
All Merchants and Saylers are highly bound,
To the time when first this Meteor was found.
Two and thirty windes Maryners finde out,
By which they saylen the round world about.
To east and west, Indies faire *Virginia*,
Guyana, *China*, *Peru*, and *Gynnea*;
And whatsoever the Southerne Pole descries,
What hidde treasure in *America* lies,
The winds discover to great *Brittannia*,
The noble Empire of old *Albania*;
Another commoditie Shepheards find,
By the excellent nature of the winde,
When a watry-cloud from the sea is taken,
By the winde it is all-in-peeces shaken,
And so dissevered into drops of rayne,
To comfort the withered, and parched plaine:
The scorched grasse, on the lofty Mountaine,
Reviv's it selfe and getteth life againe.
For if this watery cloud should wholie fall,
The weight would destroy and over-whelme all.

The Ayrie Meteors simple

Included Meteors

Windes.

Windes. 32

Another commoditie by the windes viz to make raine.

These

These are not winds of monstrous generation,
But naturall windes of gentle inclination.
The earth-quake is a simple Meteor,
Ayrie and uncompounded as before;
An Ayrie vapour, closed in some den,
Or concave of the earth, remote from men, — Earthquake.
Searching for an issue, and finding none,
Beateth up and downe, seeking to be gone,
But all in vaine, then being fast enclosed,
It shak's the earth in searching to be losed.
This is the cause of great *Tellus* trembling
(A man in a shaking Fever resembling)
What future events it doth prognosticate,
It will not presage, th'effect is intricate.
But if a small vapour be of that power, — The Profit we get by this Meteor.
To shake the whole frame of the earth in one houre,
How may proud man full of infirmity,
Susteine the furie of the Deitie?
Of the Whirle-windes we have spoken before,
Neither will we as now adde any more.
But that they be not Meteors contained,
In the Fire, or Ayre, but to both restrained.
A storme is of a windie property,
With force dispersing vapours watery, — A stormy Wind.
With great drops of raine so beating the place.
As if it would beat the skin off a mans face.
Such fearefull stormes are hurtfull to the Tree's,
They pinch the Cattell and destroy the Bees,
Beate down the Hearbs, and grass, & blades of grain
Wherewith the Shepheards must their flocks sustain.
The fearfull Thunder must not be forgot, — Thunder.
Of ayerie and watery vapours begot,
Drawne by force to the highest Region,
(Where it may have no perfect Mansion)
Rowleth in the ayre with fearfull sound,
Till water gets issue to moyst the ground.
Then downe it falleth with drops violent,
Therefore be sure it cannot be permanent.

Watrie Element.

Now comes the watry Element in hand,
Environing round the habitable-land,
A body moiſt, fluent, circular, and thinne,
Penetrable and cold-containing therein,
Innumerable fiſhes of great varietie,
Differing in magnitude and quality.
Continually moving in forme circulare,
About the brim of this earth particular,
The ſubſtance of this Element overſpred,
And the body of this earth environed,
So that the face thereof cou'd not be ſeene,
But hidden lay as if it had not beene,
Till almighty *Pan* this watrie Element,
Gathered together from the Continent;
Into one vaſte-roome, ſtation and place;
Leaving faire *Tellus* with unvailed face,
Drie and unmantled, without viridity,
Hard and ſolide without humidity.
Then, gan the mountaines of *Armenia*,
Burning *Tartarus*, *Ætna* in *Sycilla*,
Sacred *Olympus*, *Parnaſſus* Crowned
By the *Muſes Hermon* renowned,
Tabor, *Horeb*, ever-bleſſed *Syon*,
Sometime *Iehovah's* habitation.
All rocks and hiller, though they were farre diſtant,
Appeared eminently at one inſtant.
The Dales and plaines and barren Wilderneſſe,
Appeared dry, all voyd of comelineſſe.
For *Flora* yet was hidden in her Bower,
Grinding her colours fit for every flower,
Greene, Vitrioll, Violet, Vermilion,
To garniſh up the Queenes Pavilion.
The ſilvered Ceruſe, and Cuchenella,
The azured Blew and Purpurella,
With theſe colours muſt be enameled,
The flowers which *Tellus* have apparelled;
Naked therefore and void of Ornament,
Pan diſcovereth this earthly Element.

And

And theſe huge waters he divided ſo,
That ſome in clouds above th'earth ſhould go,
That with diſtilling drops of moyſtning raine,
Might comfort *Tellus* parched face againe.
The reſt might keepe their perfect ſtation,
T'ingender fiſh, and further navigation:
He made it of continuall motion,
To keepe the fiſhes from corruption,
He made it ſalt above for ſpeciall reaſon,
That it might the ſlimie fiſhes ſeaſon.
In twenty foure houers it ebbes and flow's twice,
Impoſſible therefore to be overflowen with ice.
The cauſe of this ſwift agitation,
Is mighty *Phœbes* alteration,
For as ſhe wanes, or doth in light in creaſe,
So doth the Sea her floods augment, or ceaſe.
The cauſe of her ſidneſſe is by accident;
Of *Phœbus* piercing beames ſo vehement.
Bringing from the Seas foundation,
Drie vapours which by inflammation:
Are burn'd to ſalt by the heat of the Sunne,
And hence the ſaltneſſe of the Sea begun;
For waters themſelves have no ſavour at all,
But as it comes by cauſe accidentall.
Hence are ingendred moyſt Meteors,
Almighty *Iovah's* ſtrong Ambaſſadors,
The Miſt, the Deaw, the Froſt, the hollow cloud,
That doth the Elementall vapours ſhrowd.
The Raine, the Snow, the fearfull Haile, the Sleete,
Wherewith in February or March we meet.
The Sleet, can never in Summer fall,
For then the middle Region's coldſt of all,
The Miſt is a vapour which all men know,
And doth of watery Exhalations grow,
If it aſcendeth before it doth raine,
Of much Raine it is a token certaine,
But if it doth riſe when ſhower is ended,
Fowle weather's gone, and th'aire amended,

What are the waters above the earth.

The cauſe of ebbing and flowing.

Saltneſſe of the Sea.

Watrie Meteors eight.

The *Miſt*.

It

It is the matter alſo of the falling dewe,
Which doth the face of great *Flora* renewe.
And if this vapour be foggie and thicke,
The raine will enſue: then ſpeed away quicke,
If not raine, then ſnow, or haile with out doubt:
Shall be the iſſue, therefore looke about;
But if this myſt appeare ſubtile, or thinne,
Then ſhall the ſweet Deawes, or ſharpe Froſts begin.
Dew. But in the Summer, Deaw: in the Winter the Froſt,
Do follow the myſt in every coaſt.
The cauſe. The cauſe of the Deaw as ſhepheards do finde,
Is Luke-warme breathing of the Southern wind.
The cauſe that hindereth the Deaws generation,
Is the Northern winds cold inflation,
The Hinderance. The apteſt times for the Deaw to abound,
Fitteſt time for Deaw. Spring, Harveſt, fair-day, when no winds do ſound,
This meteor worketh mighty effects;
And is high prized for many reſpects,
The effects of Deaw. When hearbs and graſſe are parched and combuſt,
And *Phœbus* burning flames colours them like duſt,
Then comes the Deaw, and doth them recreat:
Making them freſh, virent and fortunate,
The bowels of the beaſts it maketh ſoluble,
And all the graſſe more ſweet and voluble.
A wonder yet here-hence is collected,
Which ſome wiſe ſhepherds hav'n objected,
Manna a wonderfull Deaw. How *Manna* a Deaw which is hot and drie,
Withering the hearbs and making them die,
And now is taken for purgation:
Should have a contrary operation;
And nouriſh th'Iſraelites in the Deſert,
The ſolution is for men expert,
This is wonderfull to a mortall eye,
Yet is no matter in th'Almighty,
The Frow. The Froſt to us men moſt profitable,
Though it ſeemeth nothing comfortable,
Is a Meteor watery amongſt the reſt,
And for mans availe is not reckned leſt.

Of

Of a thinne watrie vapour is ingendred
Which to the winterie Aire soon is tendred.
And by the same, in crustie Pearles concreate,
Falles on the grasse, and pincheth vitall heate,
It crusheth and abateth *Floras* pride,
Stripping her naked, as a naked bride:
Spoyling her flowers, discolouring her greene.
Imprisoning her as if she were no Queene;
All these be discommodities I trow,
Observe the commodities which do growe
By this Meteors vertue, and qualitie,
Which grown by his forces abundantly.
All hurtfull worms in the earth it doth kill,
And all noxious humors in the body spill:
These are the benefits which *Pan* doth give
To a cold frost, that mortall men might live.
The name of a Cloude is so commonly knowne,
That labour is lost if more should be showne:
For it is a vapor moist, grosse, elevate,
By *Phœbus* force to the Region scituate
In the midest of the Aire: where being compact,
By the cold circle till it be ransact
By *Phœbus* heate: so moystned againe,
Is squeezed into a shower of raine,
As Spunge in water deeply swnken,
Untill it hath the whole moisture drunken:
If with force of hand you squeeze it suddeinly,
Water from sundry parts thereof will fly:
Raine is an issue from a Cloude watrie;
By drops descending from a Reigion ayrie:
(The middle Region of that Element)
To moisten this habitable Continent.
Where man and beast receiveing norishment,
And *Flora* makes her mantle orient.
When a moist vapour thick elevated,
And by the cold Region macerated,
Descendeth downe vpon the earth belowe,
It is then called a Meteor of snow.

It killeth wormes and hurtful humours.

This Cloud compared to a Spunge.

Raine.

Snow

The drops that downe fall, resemble a feather,
Not as rain's round-drops contracted together,
The feathered flakes dispersed are bound,
To cover the lower circular round.
Shepheards at this time foddering their flocke,
With the provision of the Sommer stocke,
Lime-twigs. Boyes setting Lime-twigs, and diggen pit-falls:
Watching hungrie Birds behind trees and walles:
Which comming thither, for food, unawares,
Are tangled in lyme, or taken in snares;
Shepheards were Freezes, and Ladies use furres,
To keep them from Rewmes, Carares, & cold Murres.
Snow-water. Snow-water, Hus-wives at every turning,
Save in a glasse gainst scalding or burning.
The utilitie of snow. So farre is the snow from doing of harme,
That rootes of trees, corne and grasse, it keepes warm
As with a mantle the earth it enfolder,
Preserving the same from violent coldes.
It fattons the fallow as shepards rehearse,
Mellowing the ridges, for Coulters to pearse.
In the highest mountain and frozen hill,
Snow gendreth Cristall. Snow gendreth Cristall and shining Berrill.
This is snow not the meanest ornament,
For us that in the earth are resident.
Haile. The Haile is rekoned as a mighty curse,
Making all worldly creatures much the worse.
And in Sommer season is ingendred,
When grasse and corne is chiefly tendred.
The reason of Haile in Sommer and not in Winter. The reason why it is hard compacted,
Is because it hath his cold contracted.
For when it came to the middle region
He found it colder in disposition
Then it was wont to be; because the heate
Of *Phœbus* beames, doth now more strongly beat.
Which when it cannot beare, it gathereth round,
It selfe, least *Phœbus* should his force confound.
And so dissolve it into raine or fleete,
To do some good: for which Haile is not meete.

There-

Therefore round, cold, and hard, it doth descend,
Of purpose princely *Flora* to offend.
"For there can be no perfect convenience,
"Twixt noble Nature and malevolence.
Upon her fruits it makes intrusion,
Beating in peeces with confusion,
The buds of trees, the hearbs, the corne, the flowers,
Which *Tellus* kept for *Floras* Paramours.
There is no watery Meteor in the Ayre,
But is profitable and debonaier,
Except this crabbed and furious Haile,
That fiercely our nurishment doth assaile,
For Sleet is not so forcible or strong,
To do Dame *Flora* and her Babies wrong.
Discending in March, or in Feburary,
When *Phœbus* shewes his burning luminary,
But here some may a question propound,
Requiring a Philosopher profound,
Why is the Ayres middle Region,
Coldest in the burning Summer season?
And in the Winter time more temperate,
Raine (and not Haile) fitter to generate?
Answer To contraries do alwaies flie,
The one from the other naturally,
So when it is extreame hottest weather,
The cold collecteth his forces together,
And keepes himselfe close in his owne defence,
Leaft heat should surprize or expell him thence.
Then is he colder then he was before,
Having abundance of coldnesse in store.
But if that heat be from him devided,
His force is dissolved: Our point decided.
Now is the discourse of the water ended.
And the shepheard to the earth discended:
The Centre of the whole universall,
Whose circumference is Emperiall,
Whose bodie is round wholly considered,
Though of other formes in peeces severed,

Sleet.

Sleet alwaies in Febmary or March, and never in December.

A question.

Answer.

Earthly Element.

Cold and dry by naturall property,
Seated parmanent, on her Axeltree,
Æquallie ſtanding, no way declyning,
Solid, and heavier, not bright, or ſhyning,
Full of Creatures of Divine Excellence,
Gracing high *Pans* might and magnificence.
The mother of all groſſe, and heavie things
That grow, creepe, or go, or fly'n with wings;
(Fynnie footed fowles excepted, and fiſhes,
Which ſerven for *Thetis* banquetting diſhes)
Although there might ariſe ſome difference,
Whether Sea or Land, hath the preheminence.
For feath red fowles firſt Generation,
Which in the ſeas have propagation.
For that Sea-fowles, as ſhepherds underſtand
Laien, and hatchen, their eggs on the land,
And alſo never to Saylors appeare,
But it is certaine ſome Iſland is neere;
It ſeemes, I might conclude in generall,
Tellus is mother of Fowles univerſall.

The Earth, Mother of all Creatures therein.

A mother adorned with vertues excellent,
In Action, Paſſion, and habit, different,
From all other Elements ſupernall,
The Center of Creation- naturall;

She hath 7. properties, of a good Mother or Wife.

Having ſeaven rare, ſpeciall properties,
Whereof each-one a Mother glorifies;
Fruitfull, Good, Never-weary, Patient,
Moſt Conſtant, Faithfull, liberally-bent.
Fruitfull, alwaies parturient, and teeming,
1 What heavenly Forces, beget to our ſeeming,
She daily produceth, and bringeth to light,
Shee's alwaies with child, in winters deſpight.
God of nature and kind by creation,
2 To all her Babies, by generation,
Cheriſhing them all in their infancie,
Till they may ſhift for themſelves handſomlie,
Never weary of worke, ſtill doing well,
3 Cheerefully viewing, each place of her Cell.

Swathing

Swathing, and bathing, well the tender Limmes,
Of all her younglins, and with butter Trimmes,
The chafed Places of their Filmy-skinne,
Curing the Bodies without and within.
Patiently suffring slaunderous words, 4
Which wounden the mind more deeper then swords
She suffereth worldlings, to spit in here face,
To disgorge, to trample, spurne, and disgrace,
To wound with ploughing, where they liken best,
To serach her bowels, her belly, her brest;
To steale here jewels, and deepe hidden treasure,
Both for necessitie, and for pleasure.
Constant, not wavering, alwaies the same, 5
Immoveable, keeping her glorious Frame.
Faithfully saving, what to her you tender, 6
Vntill you require her the same thing to render.
If wheat you deliver, wheat shall you receive;
She meanes not with Darnell, your Barne to deceive
If gold you deliver, then gold shall you shall find,
For *Tellus* beareth a most faithfull mind.
But if you will speake of her librall plenty,
For one Corne of Graine you shall receive twenty. 7
When all thy friends thy body have forsaken,
Then marke the earth what she hath undertaken.
A body dead, stinking corrupt, impure,
Whose stench and gastly-view none can endure,
Opning her wombe, she takes it in again.
And keep's it safe from *Plutos* fierie traine.
Rendering't againe in shining purity:
From putrifaction to immortality.
Observe thou well her qualeties divine:
And by immitation make them all thine.
For further must my wearied Ppe assay,
By part's, her hidden treasures to display.
Shewing the glory of her blessed face.
Her breast, her wombe, and every secret place,
Arcadiau Orpheu make my musicke able,
To annatomize Mysteries un speakable.

Τίφὸς τιφφιόκει τὸ Σωμα, τὸν δὲ Νοὸ λόγος.

The covering of the earth called *Tellus* Mantle.

Hearken great *Cynthia* how *Eumenia* sings
Of *Tellus* Mantle, which sweet *Flora* brings,
Of colour greene with flowers enterchecke:
By curious skill of princely Architect.
With hearbs, and Plants, and grasse for every beast,
Tapistred with Fowles, and beasts comely breast.
Now hath Queene *Tellus* put her Mantle on,
Flora triumphing in her Paragon,
She deckes her Queene with Roses white and red,
Flowers. Muske and sweet Roses in *Damasco* bred.
Fragrant Gilliflowers and Carnation,
Enamiled with pure Vermilion,
The purple Violet and Columbine,
The silv'red flower of sweet Eglantine,
The Dasie, Cow-cup, sweet smelling-Wallflower,
The Flower de Luce: the Raine-bowes Paramour,
The whitest Lilie, and the daffadill,
The Paggle, and the blessed Pimpernill:
The Mary gold, and parti-coloured Pinke:
The Paunsey, and the Hearts-ease, as Shepherds think
With others infinite in variation,
Differing in colour forme, and creation,
With Savour, and odoriferous smell:
Refreshing the braine, as Ladies can tell,
The Gilliflower striketh admiration,
To Shepherds marking her creation:
A flower, a wonder. Marking the Substance whereof it is framed,
The different forme whereby it is named,
The precious colour where with it is varnished
And the sweet savour where with it is garnished.
Besides the flowers which in the mantle been,
Hearbes. Diversity of hearbes, and Plants, are seene.
Wherewith our Ladies, cures Maladies:
Saving our bodies, from extremeties.
These doon faire Ladies, in their Gardens Plant,
As in a store-house to supply their want.
The Sage, the Basill, and the Lavender,
The bitter Worme-wood, Rue, and Germander,

The

The lovely Vervine, Balſam, Savory,
The Smaladge, Liver-wort, and Centorie,
The Eye-bright, and the powerfull Celedony,
The Camomill, head-purging Betony:
Bloodwort, Muggwort, hartſtrong, and Patience,
Parcely, Cymy-Reall, for ingredience,
Leaves of Violets, Straw-berries, Succory,
Endive, Time, Bugloſſe, Spaniſh Pelitory,
Margrom-gentle, Spiekenard, Southern-wood.
Burnet, Burrage, for Clared Wine good.
Saven and Spurge, for ſtrong purgation,
Hurtfull to womans generation.
Clary, Dragans, bleſſed Angelica,
Holy Thiſtele, and Indian Tobacca.
Featherfew, Knot-graſſe, and Mayden Hare,
The breſt and Longs, from Phlegme cleare.
Speremint, Playntaine, and fair Erimony,
Spinage, Cuſtmary, for a Timpony.
Spariage, Beares, foor, and Oculus-Chriſti:
Whoſe black, ſeeds, Purge eyes, dimme and Miſtie; The admirable vertues of the Herbe cal. led *Oculus Criſtus*.
Eeight or ten, of theſe ſeedes, put in the eye,
Will run, up to the eye lids immediatly:
Not grieving the eye or hindring the ſight,
And ther will they worke til they have made bright,
And purged the eye from all corruption:
Then full of white ſlime, will drop out alone.
Beſides theſe Herb's, beene Trees innumerable, Trees.
Some beare fruit, of taſte delectable,
And ſome for ſtately buildings, profitable,
Whereof men make Shipps Navigable.
It were a matter hard, and intricate,
Orderly of each, to particulate,
But theſe were all made for mans ſuſtenation,
Or elſe of purpoſe, for his recreation,
And on the face of mighty *Tellus* ſtand,
And admirable works of *Pans* powerfull hand.
The lofty Ceder, and Sable Cypreſſe,
Threatning the welkin, with his mountaing Treſſe.

Sweet

Sweet ſmelling Firre, and Saxifrace,
Which men venerous, done highly grace.
Beſides their ſmell yeeld Turpetine,
Profitable Pitch, and richeſt Rozine.
The builders Oake, and Plow-mens Aſhne tree:
Princes, and Souldiers regard in their degree.
The weeping Elme, the Beech, the Byrch, the Playne,
Have vertues rare, and were not made in vaine.
For fruitfull Trees, that bin comodious,
Are ſo well knowne, that it were tedious
To reckon them in order ſeverally,
For it is thought fond in Philoſophy,
To prove a thing by demonſtration,
That none denies, or needs probation.
So many fruits of bleſſed qualitie
Doth *Pan* provide for mans neceſſitie.
That would the mind of mortall men amaze,
No Pamphlet, but huge volumes muſt them blaze;
We know, we have, we uſe, we taſte, we eate:
The vertue, tree, the leafe, the fruit, the meat:
Now muſt *Endymion* dreſſe himſelfe to ſing,
Of beaſts, of Fowls, of every creeping-thing.
Of Bees, of Waſpes, of Hornets, and of Flies,
Which *Pan* made not: But of corruption riſe.

Lyon, Tygre, Hyena, Panthere, Rhinoceres, Beare, Unicorne Ermine Leopard, Martin, Sable, Luzerns white and Fox. black. Mineueer, Elke, Bugle, Budge, Bucke, Gemps, Shamoys, Harte, Wolfe, Squirrell,

Wild, feirce, raging beaſts garniſhing her Robe:
And with varietie diaper her Globe;
The oraring Lyon, and dreadfull Tyger,
The ſtrainge Hyena and fearfull Panther,
Armed Rhinoceros, and ugley Beare,
The precious Vnicorne, whoſe horne is deare.
The Earmine, Leaparde, Martin, and Sable,
Whoſe princely ſkins been rich and mrechantable
Rich Luzerns, white and black. Fox, Mineveer,
Elke, and Bugle, Budge and the ſwift Reine Deer,
Gemps; Shamoys, Roe-bucke; and the ſtately Heart
The Woolfe, The Squirill jumping by Art.
From tree to tree, with that dexteritie,
As markes men wonder her celeritie.

The

The silvered white, blacke and gray Coney:
Good for the House and sparing of money,
The skinnes of these beasts been profitable,
Highly prized and to Marchants salable.
The Urchin and the quilled Porpentine;
Are good for medicine as the greate of Swine.
Th' emparked nimble Deere Red and fallowe,
Making hornes to sound, and hunters hallowe.
Light footed Hare a Game for mighty Kings,
At whose Pursute, The Faery Eccho sings:
Redoubling twece, or thrice, the merry Sounde,
Of hallowing Knight, shrill-horn, & chasting goude.
The crafty Badger, the Watry Otter
Whom Houndes persue, till they have got her
These Beasts been of highest Regard and Price
To pleasure Princes and to murder vice.
Wilde Apes, and Monkies with the Marmexite
Wherein our noble Ladies done delight,
The Rammish filthie stinking Babioun,
That lewd Mountie-banks leade up and downe,
To make of fond people, a great concourse,
(A notable bait for Perkin-Pickpurse)
These been all wilde, and yet of great esteeme
Though some of these latter, as tamed seeme.
The Pole-catte, and wild-catte, the Weezel & Stoate,
Are wilde, yet described in great *Tellus* Coat.
The Muske-Catte for Civet, and the Dormouse,
Damn'd Rats, and vilde-Mise, the plague of a house.
Flora's sworne-foe, the Mould-warpe, or Want,
Subverting the Corne, the Grasse and the Plant:
Spoyling the Meadow's and Pasture ground.
With infinite Hillocks, rayse'd up round,
Out of the earth, cast up with her Note,
Neither is she blind, as many suppose.
There be *Floras* foes. scarce worth the naming,
On whom no wise Man bestowes the taming.
Besides savage Beasts there been domesticall,
Serving for mans use, as friends naturall.

Conies.

Urchin, Porpentine.

Deer.

Hare.

Badger, Otter;

Apes, Monkies, Marmexite.

Babioun.

Polcat, Wildcat, Weesle, Stoate.

Musk-cat:

Dormouse.

Rats, Mice.

Mold-warpe.

Not blind.

Tame beasts

Elephant. The friendly Elephant, powerfull, and Strong:
Armed with Tusses, of Ynoey long,
Sharp, solid, and of mightie quantitie,
Wherewith he macerats his enemie.
With those, the haughty *Porus* of *India*.
Fronted, *Alexander* of *Macedonia*.
These breake ranks of the great *Battalia*:
These feare not the Cannons of *Romania*.
These carry mighty Castles of lightest wood
Upon their backes, to make their parties good:
Wherein some twelve or thirteen armed men,
May use their Armes, and one to good for ten;
One may rule him with a twisted thread,
So wise is he, and hath his lesson read:
I say one man, this mighty beast, may guide,
Being the King of all the Babes of pride.

Horse. The fierce and war like Horse, which *Chiron* bred,
And princly *Hector* often nourished:
Whose fierie eyes done threaten blood and death,
Whose furious Nosethrils smoken flaming breath,
Whose crest is Proude, loftie, thinne, halfe circled,
Whose Mane with silver lockes, his neck doth spred,
Whose eares beene short, and pricked neere do stand,
As if some mighty battle, were in hand:
Little, and short, and thinne as his visage,
His nosethrils wide, his teeth in equipage,
Whose foaming mouth bends to his stately breast,
Scorning the foe-mans Launce in armed rest:
Champing the Bit, and trampling with his feet,
Crushing the fiery stones amid the street.
Broad breast, straite backe, large and spacious,
Couragious, nimble, soone check, and gracious,
Broad-buttocks, long-taile, clean-legs, Pastorns-short
Like great *Bucephalus* in Greekish Fort.
Round-bellied, not gross, nor gaunt, footlocks hairie
Proud in his trot, not cutting, faint or wearie,
Barbed in steele with rich caparison,
Fit for the God of wars to mount upon.

Oh how he glorieth in the bloodie fight:
At Trumpeters dreadfull sound to shew his might.
Looke how he bites and strikes on every side,
To shew the glory of th' *Hippean* pride.
But when great *Cæsar's* mounted on his backe,
He breaks the squadrons like *Ioue's* thunder-cracke:
Disordereth rankes, Launces knapping in sonder,
Witnesse *Sidneyan*-Knight *Albanias* wonder.
High *Ioue* bestowed him for an ornament,
To make a mortall man more excellent.
He knowes, he lov'es, He markes his masters voice,
A stranger cannot make him to reioyce:
But you shall heare him laugh after his kind,
If he but chaunce his masters person winde.
The stately Camell, swift Dromedarie
That Marchants goods done speedily carry:
The Spanish Jennet glorious in his pace,
The Irish Hobbie of a stately grace.
The Scottish Nagge of ancient Galloway,
That nimbly knowes to runne and pace his way,
Englands Paulfrey our English Ladies please,
To go their journeys and return me at ease.
The Turkish horse of *Pegasus* discended,
Charlemaine hath mightily commended:
The Mule, the Asse, the Lawyers do maintaine,
Their Clients causes softly to entertaine:
For coursing Nagges are not for men of state,
To mount and mannage causes intricate.
The Oxe, the Cow, the sheepe, the Goat, the Cat,
That murders in the night the Mouse and Rat.
The fawning Dog full of sagacitie;
Excelling in sense and capacitie.
The hardie Mastife, and nimble Greyhound,
The ornament of *Floras* blessed round,
Whose use we know, the Hart doth feare his might,
The squatting Hare doth tremble at his sight,
The noble chaunting Hound with pleasing throat,
With base and treble, meane, and tenor noat.

Camels Dromedary.
Spanish Jennet
Irish Hobby
Galloway,
Nagge,
Turkish horse
Mule, Asse,
Oxe, Cow, Sheepe, Goat, Cat
Dog,
Mastif: Greyhound.
Hownde.

Spannell. Warbling his voice, making the horne to ſound,
Orderly tunes t'immortilize the Hound:
Quicke ſenting Spannell, fit for princely game,
To pearch the Pheaſant and rare Birds of name.
To ſee the Heath-cock, Partrich and the Quaile,
The Snype, the Woodcocke, and the dainty Raile.
To ſerve the ſpar-hawke, Faulcon and Laneret,
The Goſſe-hawke Ger-faulcon and young Eglet.
The Marlyon, Hobby, Hawkes of ſwifteſt wing,
Which many pleaſures unto Ladies bring.
Deſerveth praiſe of the beſt fluent Pen,
That ever wrote the benefits of men.

Water-ſpannell. The Spannell for the water and the Land,
That all their Maſters rules do underſtand.
To couch, to retrive, and to range the field,
Of purpoſe, game to ſpring and ſport to yeild:
And of their Maſters ſeek none other gaines,
But comfortable words for weary paines.
How may my pen theſe Spanniels commend.
Whoſe qualities are ſuch as have no end?
If thou wilt ſeeke a conſtant faithfull friend.
In life and death, thy body to defend.
Walking and running by thy horſes ſide,
Scorning all dangers that may thee betide.
Being a faithfull and true Companion
In joy, and wofull deſolation
Whom neither change, or ſad calamitie,
Nor raging famine, or adverſitie,
Nor naked ſtate, or pyning poverty:
Can make to ſhunne or leave thy company:
Then take thy Donge; or find thou ſuch another,
Let him be thy neareſt Kinſ-man or Brother
Or converſe with thee all dales of thy life
(Except thy deareſt Mother, or thy Wife)
And take for thy paines, if I be contrould,
The fatteſt Lambe conceyned in my fould.

Tumbler. The Tumbler a Dogge of rare quality,
To furniſh the Kitchin abundantly.

With

With Connies in a Warren ſuddeinly,
Surpriſing with art ſo cunningly
The ſilly Connies before they be a ware,
That the beholders thinke it wondrous rare.
This Dogge deſerveth commendation
As a wonder of *Pans* creation.
The little Spannell in the Ladies lappe, The Ladies Spannell.
Is bleſt with extraordinarie happe,
Feeding and lodging in that Princely place
That whilſom did renowned *Hector* grace.
Young loving Lords do wiſh it were their Doome
A little while to take their Spannels Roome.
Now muſt *Endimion* make the world acquainted,
With Serpents and worms which *Flora* painted Serpents.
Upon the face of *Tellus* Manſion
Where nature ſhews her deep invention.
The fearfull Crocadile, and Scorpion,
The flying Dragon from the Dungeon
Of *Neſſus* ſpringing: the poyzoned Viper.
The Snake, the Slowe-worme, and the Adder
The monſtrous Cerberous, and Hydra, venemous,
The Cocatrice, of ſight ſo perilous.
The creeping Dragon and the ſwelling Toade,
The Neught, the Swift, lurking in the Broade,
The Aſpe covering herſelfe in high-way duſt,
Whom carefull paſſengers will hardly truſt.
Theſe Serpents been of great deformity
Yet excell all other in Subtilty.
Of great force, and incredible furie,
Of great fore-ſight to prevent injurie,
Capitall enemies to mortall man,
And he to them by all the means he can.
Except the Lizzard a Serpent admirable, Lyzard
Of colour greene to man Amiable.
Before him running on a little ſpace,
Delighting herſelfe to behold his face.
Well watching the place, where a man doth ſleep,
Guarding his body doth him ſafely keepe.

From other Serpents which would him devoure,
As he carlesse sleepeth in *Floras* bower,
Salamander. The Salamander living in the fire,
Wormes. The greatest Philosoper may admire.
For seely wormes and other creeping things
Which of corrupt putryfaction springs.
By these doth *Physis* shew her Deitie,
In framing them with such variety.
In Number infinite, and in quality
Surpassing the Serpents excellency:
Earth worms. The Oyle of Earth-wormes mightily prevailes,
Against the Gowte, that humane joynts assailes.
Dodman Snailes. The shelled Dodman, and white, and blacke Snaile,
Joynt-eating Fellon, cureth without faile,
Glow-worme. The Glowe-worme shining in a frosty night,
To each fish. Is an admirable thing in Shepheards sight,
Twenty of these wormes put in a small Glasse,
Stopped so close that no issue passe;
Hang'd in a Bow-net and sanck to the ground,
Of a Pond, or Lake broad, and profound:
Will take such plenty of excellent fish,
As well may furnish an Emperours dish.
But of all kind of creatures which Nature did forme
Silke-Worms Of this kind is th'admirable Silke-worme,
Whose dainty webbe doth cloath Potentates,
Kings, Queenes, Princes and Magistrates:
All Princely Ladies celebrate her fame,
Shining in glory of the silke-wormes frame,
This might abate the glory of humane pride,
Since a poore Silke-worme hath it magnified.
Why boastest thou thy shining Satten Sute?
Is't not a part of the Catterpillers mute?
Her forme, her life, her foode, her worke her end,
Doct. *Muffets* Booke of the Silke worms. By Doctor *Muffet* is eloquently pen'd.
Spider. The Spyder next in contemplation,
Excellent in her operation.
'Mong'st creeping things, is numbred in her Kind,
Though she be thought to beare a hatefull minde.

To

To vitall heate, and healthfull mans estate,
Be cause colde poyson, she doth generate.
Yet if you mark her composition,
And view her vertuous disposition,
To suck from Earth the fell deadly poison,
That so corrupteth natures blessed toyson:
And with her feet weaveth a dainty Net,
To shew that Ladies webbes beene counterfet:
If with her smallest threds they been compar'd,
So rare, so thinne, so excellent shrred.
Mark how in her, Dame Nature shew's her Art,
Tryumping in her work in every Part.
And tell me then, if all the world beside,
Be not meere-bunglers unto Nature pride
Mount little Pismire, from thy hollow cave, Pismier.
Thy turne com's next, thine honour shalt thou have,
Sith mighty *Pan* within his sacred Layes, Prou. 6
Did make thee rowze, the Sluggard from his wayes.
How thou doost labour in the Summer season,
When Butter-flyes done range void of Reason. Butter fly.
Through grassie Meades shewing their painted coat,
Scorning the Winter blasts as lightest Moate.
But when fell *Boreas* shew's his Ghostly face,
They pine, they starve, they die, gone is their grace.
Their wings been worne, no meat to live upon,
Repentance comes to late, Time's past, is gone.
Thou, thou art appointed a Schoolemaster,
To retchlesse, carelesse, Ryotous wastor.
In Summer time, thou lay'st thy limbs to work,
No idle person, in thy Cave doth lirk,
Thou packest up thy strawes for winter fewell,
Esteeming warm'th, and meat and priuely jewell.
Thou fillest thy Barnes, and Garners with thy Corne,
When beggars dye for cold, for food, forlorne.
Nature tryumpheth in thy bodies Frame,
Thy small compacted limes, witnesse the same.
Who vieweth but the Pismires little head
And sees the Organs theirin comprised, The Pismies head.

Her

Her little mouth to apprehend her meate,
Her tongue to taste, her throat hollow and neat,
To swallow down the iuyce of what she takes:
Her hot stomacke which good digestion makes.
Her lower parts egesting excrements,
Her nimble legs with other complements,
One joint to another soundly compacted,
Orderly coutched, no way distracted:
Her wit to discerne when Sommer begins,
Presaging foule weather or ever she linds,
Or leaves her work for herselfe and her traine:
With labour seeking her house to maintaine.

The Pismires iutie their ead.

Her orderly care to bury her dead,
Some carrying the seer, some other the head.
To a place remote from her habitation,
T'avoid the stench of mortall contagion.
Who vieweth these things, must greatly admire,
The noble vertues of the little Pismire,
What shall I sing more? The least creeping thing,
Brings admiration to a mighty King.

The Flea, the Louse.

The skipping Flea, and the poor begers Louse,
May make a wonder in a Princes house:
Viewing their mouthes, their body and legges,
In eating their meat, and laying their egges.

Fowles.

Floras rich mantele was fretiz'd with Fowles,
Which Shepheards have described in their rowles:
And now enjoyning poor *Endymion*,
As plaine song for his Pipe to warble on:
Birds of pray for our meane capicatie.
Devouring Birds of great capacitie,
Then smaller Birds that are of lower size;
That gentle Ladies rate of higher prise,
Must be the tenor of the shepheards song,
Though wearied voyce cannot indure long:
High soaring Eagle Empiring and bold;

Eagle.

The shining face of *Phebus* to beholde.
In the enfigne of victorious Emperours,
Impressed; flying as great conquerours,

Of

Of all furious birds, ſhe beareth princely ſway,
Woe to young Lambs that commen in her way.
The Phœnix bred in great *Arabia*, The Phœnix.
(A countrie knowne to mighty *Cynthia*)
Of golden colour and rare qualities,
Who living alwaies chaſt ſhe burning dies.
Two of theſe Birds the world cannot containe,
From bird to worme, from worme to bird again
Vſing no act of generation,
As egges uſed for procreation.
But fire onely for privation,
Whence muſt proceed the Birds corruption.
And then behold an alteration.
Which deſerveth admiration;
The Aſhes yeelden forth a creeping worme,
Which Time doth cauſe to take the Phœnix forme.
Hereby ſome learned Shepheards highly ſcan, The uſe.
The reſurrection of a mortall man,
To be as poſſible out of the ground,
As, of a worme a Phœnix to be found.
The Griffin halfe a bird, and halfe a beaſt,
Strong arm'd with might beak, talents, and creaſt, Griffin.
Making an armed man his Evening pray,
The mounting Eagle onely doth him fray.
The monſtrous Vulture, *Prometheus* tormenter, Vulture.
(Of fire naturall the firſt inventer)
Mercileſſe not ſparing in his furie,
To offer harmeleſſe creatures injurie.
The Oſtrich of devouring qualitie, Oſtrich.
Oxe-footed, broad beak'd, huge of qualitie,
And of incredible ceteritie,
And yet of groſſe and pondrous gravitie.
Not able to mount, but holpen by her wings,
Great admiration to the hunters brings:
Diſgeſting ſteele and breathing fireie fumes,
Yet ſhe adornes our gallants with her plumes.
The ſpoyling Goſſ-hawke not ſo good for ſport, Goſſ hawke.
As fit to feed an armie in a Fort.

Faulcon, Jerfaulcon, Terſell, Lanere.

The Faulcon, and Jerfaulcon for pleaſure,
Are accounted for a Princes treaſure:
Terſcell, Tarcell-gentle, and Laneret,

Lanner, Mullar, a baſtard Hawke.

The Lanner, baſtard Muller, Malleret,
The princely Sagar, and the Sagaret,

Marlion.

Which Baſtard-Hawkes, Faulconers can hardly get,
The thrice renowned noble Marlion,

Hobby.

Which Ladies uſe for recreation,
The long-wing'd Hobbie for the mounting Larke,

Sparhawke.

Fit for young eyes the towring game to marke,
The Iriſh Sparhawk eto follow ſlender game,

Musket.

Deſerves with Hawkes to regiſter her name:
In Winter time the Musket at a buſh,

Kiſtrell.

Will ſerve ſhepherds to maze a ſimple Thruſh,
The Kiſtrell if he be well managed,

Kite.

For ſwiftneſſe will not be diſparaged:
The Coward Kite fitteſt to ceaze the Mouſe,
To gurmandize young chickens from thy houſe
She ſerves to take the garbage from the field,

Buzzard.

Leaſt putrifaction might infection yeeld.
The Buzzard moſt hurtfull to thy warren,
With ſpoyle of Rabbets making it barren,
Deſerveth not ſo much to be hated,
If he were to gaming animated.

Ringtaile.

The Ring-taile eke will truely kill her game,
If cunning hand and wit her nature tame.

Raven.

The Raven (ſome ſay) if ſhe be cleurated,
Deſerves in ſome ſort to be nominated:

Dangerous for the eyes

But take thou heed of all the birds that flyne,
The Eagle and Raven will ſtrike out thine eyne:
Prevent it therefore, leaſt it come to paſſe,
And arme thy face with ſpectacles of glaſſe.
The ſilver ſtringed ſweet ſounding Virginall,
With out the Ravens quills is ruſticall,
To write the Roman hand, and Secretary,
The Ravens Pen is found moſt neceſſarie,
Thus for ſuppoſed inconvenience,
Her feathers yeeld young Ladies recompence:

And

And ſome commoditie doth ſeeme to grow,
By the noiſome devouring carion Crow. Crow,
To cleanſe the ſtreets neare to thy manſion,
Of ſtinking carions corruption.
The Rooke, the Chought, the Daw, may be forborn, Rooke,
Which feed not of carion but of the corne. Chough,
The party-coloured chattering Mag-pie, Daw.
Gorgth herſelfe vpon impurity. Mag-pie,
Learned *Drayton* hath told Madge-howlets tale, Michael Drai-
In covert verſe of ſweeteſt Madgrigale, tons Owle.
She whoops at all the World in frosty night,
Blazing the ſinnes wherein it takes delight.
The Bat and ſhe takes their recrention,
If *Phœbus* be in declination. Bat.
The Owle, banquets with Chickens at her feaſt, To ſee as well
The Bat delights her ſelfe with Bacon beſt. by night as by
If you will ſee as cleare by night as day, day.
Annoint your eyes with blood of Bats they ſay,
But daunce not thou after *Albertus* Fiddle,
Till thou canſt better underſtand this Riddle:
For of this point Shepheards warn thee before,
Eyes ſo anoynted ſhall never ſee no more.
The Kings-fiſher laboureth in her kind, King fiſher.
With her breaſt oppoſite againſt the wind,
To ſeaze the fiſhes ſpawne the little frie,
That heedleſſe in River ſwimmeng by.
Her painted fethers maken Flies counterfet,
Tied upon Hookes the leaqing Trout to get:
The coloured Wood ſpited runes alond the treeſ, Woodſpite.
Killing for woode the creeping wormes ſhe ſees:
The filthy Cormorant, and the Sea-gull, Cormorant
Whoſe Craws with eating will be never full:
In *Floras* mantle have ſome place afforded,
Therefore *Endymion* hath them recorded,
But leave we theſe, and let our Muſicke mount
To ſing of princly flowers in our accounr.
Fairſweeteſt *Lada's* Swaine both wild and true, Swan.
Which mightie Monorchs keep'o for their game.

Hearnel Crane.

The towring Hearnſhaw, and the wakefull Crane,
Shaming *Caucaſus*, fearing to be tane,
By dreadfull Eagle watching for her pray,
Truſſing the Cranes as they flyen that way.
They keepen therefore ſilence in thir Flight,
Till they have ſcap'd that mountain in the night.
As two lyons of a Tryangle meeting to gethe,
At the end, ſo flyen they in cold weather,
In two raneks ſpredding them ſelvesa ſounder;
They joyne at one ſharpe end, great is the wonde.
They have one leader, whom they duly marke,
Following one another inthe darke,
This leader lighteth farre off from the reſt,
As one with ſolitaryneſſe oppreſt.
He keeps his ſtanding as a Centinell,
That all his Souldiers might in ſafety dwell.
But if an adverſary comes that way,
He makes an noyſe: *The* trupe is in array.
He mounts, they monut, they take thē to their wingas,
To ſeeke ſome place that leſſer perrill brings.

Goose Duck, Widgeon, Teale.

The Gooſe, *The* Duck, the Wigeon and *Teale*,
Like order keepe as in a common weale.

Curlew, Dotterell, pewet, Baſtard, Godwet, Plover, Hearh-cocke, Partrige, Pheſant, Rayle, Quaile Lark.

The daintie Curlew, dotterell and Pewet,
The Redſhanke, Baſtard, Bittor, and Godwet,
The Snipe, the Woodcock, Plover, Gray and Greene
Garniſh the *Table* of the greateſt Queene.
The Heath-cocke, Partrich, Raile, Quaile & Pheſaent,
Are Princes diſhes, and paſtimes pleaſant;
Sweet ſounding Larkes are not the meaneſt wiſh,
That oft is made to furniſh Princes diſh.
Furthermore in bleſſed *Tellus* coat.
Are framed Brides, of ſweet and pleaſing noate.

Ouzle. Thruſh.

Long living Ouzle, little chaunting *Thruſh*,
Singing on tops of trees, and higheſt buſh;
Delighting paſſengers with Melodie,
Varying their tunes ſo curiouſly,
The Shepheards wonder how ſo divers Noates,
Should couched be within ſuch little throates.

But i't is an admirable ſpeculaton,
To heare the delectable variation,
Of ſweeteſt Notes, with ſtops unmutable,
With lofty ſtraynes, Muſicke ineſtimable,
Of little *Philomela*, ſacred Nightingall, Nightingale.
Phœbus Phœnix, Organiſt-imperiall.
Let no Muſitian with her voice compare,
No voice ſo ſweet, ſo excuſite and rare.
Dame Linnet, and brides of *Canaria*, Lynnet, C
With Muſicke pleaſe Arcadian *Cynthia*. nary birds.
Redbrecht.
Robin-red-breſt, the little dainty Wren, Wren.
With ſweeteſt noates content the mindes of men.
Some other Birds *Flora* brought in beſide,
Which not in voice, yet done excell in Pride.
The prating Paret, Parakito ſmall, Paret.
Which pleaſe our *Cinthian* Ladies beſt of all. Parakito.
As thoſe beene taught, ſo utter they their voice,
They make much ſport, and Ladies done rejoyce,
Orientall beene their Fathers delectable,
Of colour excelleth, and varibale.
But other vertues in them know I none,
But to eate ſoppe and burniſh a bone.
The Gold-finch, Bulfinch, Marle and Swallow Gold-finch.
Of colours divers, in vertues ſhallow. Bul-finch.
The Red-ſtone in a Swallowes Maw is good, Marlet, Swa
To ſtop the Fluxe, and efuſion of blood, low.
A red ſtone
The Oyle of Swallows, Phyſitian have told, the Craw of
Help's ſwelling of joyntes, proceeding of colde Swallow pr
Thou ſhalt not once handle our Engliſh jay, Oyle of Sw
The falling-ſickneſſe infects her alway. lowes.
Engliſhe jay
Peacocks been Birds of rare puality, have the
Of ſhining Feathers, pride, and Majeſtie, ling ſickne
Foes to the Adder by creation: Peacokes.
Contriving alwaies his diſtruction.
Sabean Queene for eſtimation,
Preſented theſe to mighuy *Salomon*,
The Turkie-cocke, a Craven by nature, Turkey Co
Is excellent meate, and of Large ſtature,

Turtle dove. The ſimple harmleſſe groaning Turtle-doue,
Twixt man and wife paints never-dying Love:

Dove. The Dove commended in Divinitie,
Grac'd by the third perſon in Trinitie,
Her bodies heate for ſuſtentation,
Her qualities for imitation.

Stockdove. The doleſull mourning Stocke-dove may thee move
To view the ſtate and praiſe the God above.

Storke. The Storke may teach children with reverence,
To yeeld their Parents due odedience.
When crooked age their parents doth poſſeſſe,
And ſtiffened limbs wax faint with wearineſſe,
When povertie their ſubſtanced doth aſſaile:
And vitall blood their Arteries doth faile.
When blind eyes done ſinke in hollowed head;
When trembling hands that ſhould the mouth have fed;
Steddily can hold no ſuſtenance,
And grinding teeth (the ſtumacks maintenance)
Their offices no longer can fulfill:
And way wardneſſe attacheth aged will:
When legs do faile, that ſhould the reſt ſupport;
And cold, and age, and griefe afoords no cumfort:
Then marke the young, the ſtrong and luſtie Stork,
That day and night unceſſently doth work,
Her aged dying parents doth maintaine,
Refuſing pleaſure, and enduring paine,
To bring in foode his parents to ſuſtaine,
Thinking the parents life the childrens gain.
And if he do perceive that food be ſcant,
And that his parents periſhen for want;
So that conſtraint he muſt leave the place:
Then wofully he views his fathers face,
Shewing his griefe to ſee his parents lack,
And all at once he takes them on his back,
And adding force unto his fatall wings,
Swiftly flees to the palaces of Kings.
And laying aged parents ſafely downe,
For foode he raingeth all about the towne.

Which

Which got, he brings it home with swiftest speed,
Whereof his parents and him selfe do feed,
But here *Endimion* began to weepe,
As if him selfe were drown'd in sorrows deepe,
I know not what did touch the seely man,
But yet at last he thus againe began.
O blessed *Pan* grant us that Shepheards beene
Aged, unwildie, with choller over seene:
To find young Storkes to carrie us in age;
To feed our mouths and beare our froward rage:
Alas I feare it will be otherwise!
Now children done their parents poore despise;
And if they done to a little money rise,
Their Parants may in no case enterprise,
To call them sonnes, the black-mouth'd filthy Asse,
Thinks himselfe sham'd if that should come to passe.
For *Hercules* must needs be this mans father,
When he might justly challenge *Iris* rather.
A fustie golden Braggadocio,
A Lumbardarie scauld Borachio.
The disgrace of an honourable house,
As to a Lady is a bodie lowse.
But let this rest: A brond of infamy,
(There pride ab nor'd in gentle-comp any)
With frumps derides them to their very face,
And secretly pursues them with disgrace.
Endymion must take another subject,
Of high regard and princely respect,
A wonder for the world to gaze upon,
Which still is out of frame and fashion.
A seely fowle a Pellicane by name,
Shall shew how much this world is out of frame.
The Pellicane will spend his chiefest blood,
To do his friends and younglings guod;
But we will spend our warme and deerest blood,
To hang our friends or children in our mood:
We bragge, we prate of Christianitie,
Our hands are full of blood and crueltie

Iris the basest begger that lived in his time.

Pellicane.

Our

Our tongues can talke of Ieſus Chriſt his death,
And curſe, and ſwear, with one and the ſame breath
We faſt, we pray, we ſigh, we groane, we preach,
We write we read, we heare, we catechiſe and teach,
We bend our knees, aloft we lift our eyes,
As if our hearts were raviſhed to the skies.
We rage at others vice reprove corruption,
Speake againſt vſurie as abhomination:
We ſpeake gainſt the pompe of Prelates in their gree,
And yet who lives in action worſe then wee?
There is no ſinne that worthily is blamed,
But we commit, and are not aſhamed.
If true piety conſiſted in words,
When working actions from the ſame diſcords;
Then are we perfect in Religion,
Our words been plentifull our deeds beene gon,
Except we take corrupt and ſtinking weeds,
For bleſſed ſacred and religious deeds.
We had rather cut our poore neighbours throat,
Then relieve his want with one ſeely groat.
And if he fall into extremitie,
By ſhipwracke or other caſualtie:
Shall be releeve his woſull penurie,
Or helpe to keep his wife and familie
Of our owne purſe? nay let them ſtarve and die,
And wife and children begge O Chriſtianitie!
Thy ſacred lore teacheth quite contrarie,
From which who ſo doth obſtinately varie,
Shall we acknowledged for none of thine,
Nor be partaker of that glorious ſhine,
Of bliſſe, of honour, and of majeſtie,
And live withth'everlaſting Deitie.
Another Bird I have yet in my rowle,
Which may be ſpoken of without controwle,
A bird for courage, and for qualitie,
For husbandrie, thrift, and utilitie:
Inferiour to none that Nature hath framed,
And is the proud and wakefull Houſe-cocke named.

House-cocke

Armed

Armed with ſpur's to daunt aſſayling foes,
Crownd as a King, tryumphing as he goes.
Obſerve the tender love, borne to his wife, The Cock.
For whoſe ſaveguarde, he ſpareth not his life. loves his wife
If Corne or bread he find, if but a cromme,
He chucks, and calls his wife untill ſhe come:
Before he layeth downe that peece of bread,
Not feeding himſelfe, if ſhe be unfed.
Each man knowes his nature by experience,
To hold you long were inconvenience,
The Titmouſe and the multiplying Wren, Titmouſe.
That devours Spiders, and lives amongſt men,
For order of our Sonet as it lies,
Requireth that we ſpeake of divers flyes: Flyes.
And ſpecially of flies by creation,
For many flies riſe of corruption.
The bees from *Pan* have their originall,
At creation of things naturall.
Fleſh-Flyes, and Waſps, and Graſs-hoppers.
Crickets, Hornets, and Cowſharders,
Dorr's, and ſuch like, as flying Gnats,
Have their originall as Mice and Ra s.
By *Phœbus* Heate and putrifaction,
They taken forme and generation:
As mighty curſes, and great plagues are ſent,
Upon this wicked world for puniſhment.
Great is thy wiſdome everlaſting *Pan*,
In all thy workes ſerving the uſe of Man:
All thy creatures ſtrik admiration,
To Shepheards in their contemplation.
But when we neerely marke the little Bee, Bees.
Our hearts muſt needs be raviſhed in thee.
That ſuch a little Flie ſhould farr ſurpaſſe,
The wiſeſt workman, ever framd was,
And all the Artiſt's in the world beſide,
Are argued of in ſolence and pride,
If they preſume by ſuperficiall skill,
To know the cauſe of this thy ſecret will.

The Bees bodie described.

How is her bodie framed in every part,
Admirably contriv'd beyond all Art?
Her little head, her eyes, her mouth, her tongue,
Her throat, her breſt, her little heart, her longue,
(As ſome doe think, to holden breath and heate)
Their little Stomacks, to diſgeſt their meate:
What Lower intraryles Dame nature invents,
To emptie, or avoid their Excrements,
Their alwaies-Armed-ſting for their defence,
Their little joynts, and legs of fineſt ſence,
Their wit to ſuck the juſe from fragriant flower,
Their skill to keepe, and carrie it to their bower:
Their Art to flye a mile into a playne,
And every Bee to finde his home againe.
But when we come to ſee their Citadell,
As by a Seriant Maior ſquared well:
How juſtly are Philoſophers amazed,
When they have proportionabley gazed,
Vpon a little concave or a Hive.
In which they do their policie contrive?
Circle-Muring ſtrong their p tt e-fort.
With Pallazado, Flanker, Loop and porte,
Rampiars of wax, and thick Baracados,
To withſtand the theeviſh Rats-Bravados.
But enter once within their Hive or wall,
And ſee their orders univerſall.
Marking how they place their Colonyes,
To dwell according to their qualities:
Firſt for the King his Tent imperiall,
Next been placed Stars, Pee, s principall.
Then every other ſtate in his degree,
According to his ſervice hath his fee:
For him and his, a houſe peculiar:
Privat for every thing perticular:
For meate, for reſt and Cradells for their young:
So neately dreſt as paſſeth Shepheards toung.
Framed fixe ſquare Geometricall,
Each ſide to the other proportionall,

And

And every one his lodgin ſeverall, Every lodging
Framed by nature artificiall. ſix-ſquare
Not ſeiled with unprofitable knacks,
But every lodging of the pureſt wax,
Theſe lodgings are appointed in regard,
That every one ſhould labour, watch and ward,
Thus ſeiled in their Cell againſt the Sunne,
Each falleth to his worke till day be done.
Some makes Honny-pots, ſome Honney clenſe,
Which cloſely they hide, and hourden in their Dens.
Of all the flowers growing in the field,
Which fragrant ſmell unto the ſenſe do yielde:
They gatheren this compoſition, Honny.
The ſicke mans Leech, and beſt Phiſition.
They nouriſh up their younglins in their trade,
Till time and practiſe hath them skillfull made.
When Summer hath proviſion for their health,
They ſwarme them forth in to the common-wealth.
To get ſome place for their habitation,
And labour in their generation.
If any one among them chance to die,
He is removed thence immediatly.
For they can abide no dead carion,
For feare of peſtilent infection.
By juſt deſert therefore they are recorded,
To have to man ſuch benefits afforded.
Rivers and Springs, and Baths, & pooles there been Rivers.
That Beautifie the Mantle of the Queene.
That flowen from the mighty Ocean
Running againe thither where they began.
Looſing the ſaltneſſe in the hollow vaine:
Of *Tellus* Intrayles where they do remaine.
Their ſwiftneſſe ſpoiles the force of *Phœbus* Heates,
Which on the bottom of the River beates.
The Pike, the Rouch the Cheven and the Dace. Fiſhes of the
The Breame, the Barble, with his dreaded face, River.
The pearch, the Gudgeon, and the ſilver Eale.
Which Millers taken in their Ozier wheele.

Dwell in the River as principall fish,
And given by *Pan* to garnish thy dish,
The Salmon, Trout, Flounder and Crevise,
Do dwell in rivers where the Menow is.
Carpe. Tench. The Princely Carpe, and medicinable Tench,
In bottome of a poole themselves do trench.
Poole. The poole of necessitie hath a spring,
Which feedeth it and doth fresh water bring,
Least *Phœbus* burning beames doon make it dry,
The mudde to stinke and all the fish to die.
Springs. Who dare the noble burbling Spring despise,
Which from the belly of great *Tellus* rise?
Where Birds doon drinke for sustentation,
Where Nymphs and Graces, take their recreation.
Swiftly descending from *Parnassus* mount,
To sport themselves by coole Castalion-Fount.
There beene Bathes also of high Soveraignetie
Bathes. Medicinable for mans infirmitie.
Colde Bathes. Cold Bath's springing up from an Allum-mine,
Curing hot Gouts, and Maladies of eyne.
Whot. Hot Bath's alwaies worken quite contrary,
As spring from a hot Mine Sulphurie.
And thus is *Tellus* Mantle finished:
And with beauties rich glorie garnished.
The Iewels & treasury within the earth. There reſteth that *Endimion* begin,
To shew what treasures *Tellus* hath within,
Thrice honored *Cinthia* deigne to heare this song,
Blame it not as teodious or to long:
For thou shalt heare therein discovered,
Things that before in darkenes hovered.
The Mothers wombe throughly Anatomized,
With glorious Meteors therein comprized.
So that if I should have a Trophæ made,
When Shepheards life were turned retrograde:
Of all my skill except Theologie:
Set up his pillar of Philosophy,
And let thy Poet be eternized,
For Phylosophy epitomized,

And

And let Arcadian *Cynthia* never die,
But live in records of Antiquitie.
And ever tryumph in *Endymions* Layes,
With flouriſhing and everlaſting Bayes.
For liſten how by Jndagation,
In *Tellus* Belly by Creation
Are perfect mettals, Stones, and things betweene
That neither perfect Stones, nor mettals been
Gold Silver, Braſſe, Yron, Steele, heavie-lead, Tinne
Are Mettalls ſeaven contained within
In *Tellus* belly whereunto ſome adde:
Copper which is fine Braſſe if truth be had.
All theſe by *Phœbus* made effectually,
As hee's remote, or in propinguity,
The neerer *Phœbus* commeth to the line,
So is the Metall either courſe or fine.
As *Phœbus* ferie Steed s circlen the Spheare,
Declyning the line, or approchen neare:
So are his beames of force, or weake eſtate
Minerall Mettals to operate
As is the ſubſtance of the earth in qualitie,
So is the Mettall fram'd in povertie.
Plenty of Gold is in *America*,
Peru, *Moluccus* and *Phillipina*,
Little Gold or Silver in *Virginia*,
France, *Ireland*, or *Brittania*.
Yet Copper, Tinne, Iron, Braſſe, or Lead,
Are in thoſe Countries plentifully bred,
America ſo neere the burning line,
Breedeth abundantly the golden Mine.
Theſe other Countries ſubject to the cold,
Can yeeld leſſe plenty of ſilver and gold.
For Gold and Silver is the Care of man,
For theſe men maken warres and curſe and ban:
For ſweare themſelves and ſell their deareſt life.
For theſe the husbands kils his guiltleſſe wife.
Friend ſels his Friend as *Iudas* did his Lord:
Simplicitie, truth, vertue is abhorr'd,

All things within the earth are either Metalls, Stones, or Mixt. 7. Metalls.

The cauſe of different Metals.

No plenty of Gold in Virginia, & why.

Gold the Object of the world.

Kings make war with their neighbour Kings for gold
Religion is wounded conſcience is bought and ſold.
Abbayes Churches Alters ruinated,
Whilom to pity conſecrated.
Biſhoprickes ſpoyled their Lands devided,
Studie decayed, Schollers derided.
Schollers conſtrained to buy their places deere,
The Parſonage framed it lies the Patrone neere.
The Patrone clames the tithe to find his diet:
Or elſe the parſon muſt not live in quiet,
But out of doubt, my Lords a puritan,
A vertuous and a moſt Religious man.
Making a Scruple of his conſcience,
As doth a begger to take a ſix pence,
The Miſtreſſe weares the Parſonage on her backe,
The peacher, his wife and his family do lacke.
But tell me, is not this a golden age,
When Raſcalls ride in goulden Equipage
With Princely Lords and men of higheſt blood,
As *Tarleton* clad in *Caſars* golden Hood?
When guilded ſpurres, adorne Hodge-Clumperton,
To friske the Hay with Glabbring-lillon?
Fetching a Caper full as high from ground,
As forty Angells is from twenty pound.
Spoiling more Cates and viands at one Meale,
Then five great Maſtiffes in a common-weale,
Provided it be of an others coſte,
For his great Grand-father never eate Roſte.
And tell me? yst' not a gou'den ſeaſon,
When golden fooles are prayſed for reaſon?
As eloquent as learned *Cicero*,
As ſententious as aged *Cato*:
Pithye, ſage, and Grave, with along white beard,
Like mine old Horned Goat, præceeding the heard,
What Stratagems of warre, are wrought with gold?
What ſecret miſteries doth it not unfold?
What Townes and cities hath it not betrayed?
What Princes counſels hath it not bewray'd?

What

What ſtrange adventurs do men undertake,
And all for gold, commoditie to make?
A man regardeth not Age, nor qualitie;
Sexe, witt, Learning, vertue nor honeſtie.
Friendſhip, faith, Sovle, credit, Sinceritie;
So he gets gold and worldle dignitie.
Damnable Vſurers Subdvers of hell, Vſurers.
Iews by propheſſion, Baw'ds of Bride-well,
Devowering Engliſh Gentile-men alive,
That once approcheth your peſtilent Hive
Nats of *Belvobeub* t'enſure noble frye,
Pretending conſcience their want to ſupply.
Proteſting that for perfectamite
(Hoping there may be ſome Affimitie
By marriag, between your ſodaine Daughter,
And this wanting wanton youth hereafter)
If hee'l knowledg a Statute of his Land,
For men are mortall; and a ſingle Band,
Is not for you that are a Citizen.
When hee's content: what do you for him then?
You will furniſh him imediatly:
Eyther with money, or comoditie,
But wot ye what? (Ponchmouth Civilitie.
Now bein g your packe of Scurril itie.
You dampen your ſelves & ſwear that money's ſcant:
But rich commodities he ſhall not want,
That certaine Money preſently will yeeld:
If he be skilfull to Marſhall the field.
Silkes, and veluets at Intolorable price.
Embrodred Hangers, Pepper and Rice.
Brown Paper, Lute-ſtrings, buckels for a Sadd'e,
Perwigs, Tiffany, Paramounts to waddls,
Great bars of yron, and Spaniſh Tuckes:
(Thus like a Horſe-leech they uanitie ſuckes)
Theſe take the Gentilemen, at ſuch a Rate,
As brings repentance ſpeedily; but to late.
For halfe in halfe, is loſſe reaſonable,
The Broker ſwearas they are not reaſonable.

O inchaunting gold, O alluring witch!
Doth not a minde contented make men rich?
Desire of Thee, hath damn'd the Usurer,
His wife and, children, and filthey Broker.
Desire of Thee makes many Marchants wives,
Women forsake their husbands beds, for gold, and their excuses. Forsake their husbands beds, their soules, their lives
Vnder pretence of blessed Religion,
Inflamed with cælestiall vision:
To haunt the beds of younger golden states,
Buying short pleasures at the highest rates.
Desire of Thee constraines the Pandresse seeke,
Each angle of the towne each house and Greeke,
To bend perswade, allure, a simple Maid,
For Gold to have her honestie betrayed.
Pandresse. This Pandresse she alas she's past the best,
And knows the fittest meanes t'ensnare the rest:
Desire of Thee draw's the bnkrupt marchant,
Bankrupts becomes a preacher for gold. To become a blind Buzzard prædicant.
To be a Puritine. To blave the Bible fare above the reach,
To be a puritane, Catechise, and preach:
To single out a Church remote for ease,
Where he may best his auditorie please.
Where never commeth wise nor learned man,
Their fond absurdities to heare or scan.
But sweet *Kate* and *Cisse*, *Bab*, and *Iulian*,
Faire *Parnell*, and my blessed sister *Anne*.
Pen at a push, divine *Cosnophila*,
Prudence, *Priscilla*, with *Polonyma*.
These konw to use the sacred Oracles,
As Iack-an-Apes a paire of Spectacles.
With divinitie aswell edified
Mark his subtiltie. As a red Brick by water's Albified.
This fellow first to get the worlds applause,
Cries out against the policie and lawes.
And saith the Church is full of superstition,
And her officers with out commission,
Thrust thereinto by Romish Antichrist,
Defended by Popish Artagonist.

Arch-

Archbishops, Bishops, Deanes Prebendaries,
Parsons, Vciaers, Curats, Commissaries,
Common set-prayer, and Ciciations,
Suspensions, and Excommunications.
Lord Bishops, Barons of Parliament,
Made Justices of civill government.
These are not of Christs institution,
But by corrupt times Revolution,
Infecting the Church by Popes institusion.
Poysoning her with wosull confusion.
He saith unpreaching Ministers be dumb dogs,
Fitter for plough and serving of hogs,
Then to take Christs blessed lore in hand,
Reading the things they do not understand.
If this be true thou pecuniarie Asse,
Art thou not come to a wosull passe?
That into Christs Church hast thrust thy selfe,
To coffer up this yellow wordly pelfe?
And in a Pulpit dost but prate and clatter,
Without Divinitie, Methode, or matter?
Thy fooliſh spokes all learned men do scorne,
As spur-gal'd-words, triviall, and thred-bare worne.
They sences need *Eleborus*, they are too too blunt.
Such parradoxes of thy selfe to hunt.
The Hebrew, Greeke, and Latine. unto thee,
As the renown'd and ancient fathers been,
Thou speakest as perfect Ciceronian,
As a Monkey jabbereth Italian.
If I demand how thou obtain'dst thy skill,
Thou simply answerest: it was *Ioves* will.
It came to thee by inspiration:
And by a seckret revelation.
Thus thou obtain'dst thy Consecration,
By an extraordinarie vocation.
Conrary to the sacred Regiment.
Sealed by Iesus Christ, and parmanent.
But for the Registers of Antiquitie,
And interpreters of Divinitie,

The holy fathers blessed Monuments,
Which Christ hath us'd as his Instruments,
To make divine Theorems perspicuous,
And obscure sentences illustrations,
Thou dost reject as ridiculous,
And interpretations perillous.
Thou onely read'st the inv. ctives of T. C.
Which by profound writers answered be.
Why without blushing dar'st thou discommend,
The order of the Church, or thus contend
Abound high poynts beyond thine Element ?
Thy time in learning might be better spent.
But well I know what brought thee to this vaine,
Not conscionable zeale, but hope of gaine.
And this thou shalt acknowledge evident,
Upon record as certaine Precedent.
Thou that before which railing bitter words,
Deni'st Christian Bishops to be Lords:
And squared Cap, and Surpleſse did'st forsweare,
Shuning the Ministers that did it weare,
Saying t'was a Relique of Antichrist,
Brought into the Church by the Devils high Priest.
The Crosse in Baptisme, and Ring in mariage,
Is a foolish toy, and meere Surplusſage,
The book of common-prayer is tittle tattle,
Much like to a Babies playing rattle.
But now thou hast by thine owne subscription,
Retracted by former assertion.
Affirming the policie of our land,
With Gods eternall veritie to stand.
Using the Ceremoies as thy beene,
Established as all the people weene.
And what thou formerly hast contemned,
As things by Christianitie condemned,
By thy h and writing thou hast approoved,
(As plain truth hath farre thy better mooved)
Thou wear'st the Surpleſse, and the cornerd capp,
Only but for a bush to stop a gappe.

Mutabilitie, Marke here he subscribeth.

Thine

Thine Audience demand of thee the cauſe,
Why thou ſubjects thy ſelfe unto theſe lawes?
Sith thou haſt preached direct contrary,
As white and blacke in colours ſeeme to varie,
Thou ſai'ſt fowle iniquitie of this time,
Procured thee to perpetrate this crime.
Out of thy mouth I ſtraight d[illegible]argue thee,
Of falſe diſſembling hypocriſie.
For if it be direct iniquitie,
Diſcording from true Chriſtianitie;
Why will thou thy conſcience contaminate,
And with thy pen and hand corroberate,
Things mearly falſe and diabolical,
Forſaking God, and thing Cœleſtiall?
Anſwer me now or be thou well directed,
Leaſt of hypocriſie thou be detected.
Thou ſai'ſt thy skill is greater now then then;
(You bleſſed people anſwer all *Amen.*)
Then ſhall thy flock be excellently fed,
Like the Camelion of the Aire bred.
Thou haſt nor Art, nor wit to feed thy ſheepe,
No more then Wolfe, or Fox thy Lambes to keep.
Thou know'ſt no more the Scriptures to unfold.
Then doth *Aphron* th' Alchimiſt to make gold.
But fleſh is fraile, and thou art loath to ſay,
That which we ſhepheards ſounden in our lay.
That thou wilt ſtay thy ſelfe upon this ground,
As faſt as will the Hare before the Hound.
Returne therefore unto thy trade againe,
For in the Church thou laboureſt in vaine.
Think'ſt thou our Biſhops will thee deigne to preach,
Rude, unlearned, a Mercinary Dog[illegible]ch?
No no. Saint *Nicholl* is too wiſe for that,
Thou'ſt never in an Engliſh Pulpit'chat.
Till thou haſt better skill to manage well,
Them yſteries divine of ſacred ſpell.
Yet herein art thou worthily commended,
That haſt the Churches policie defended.

Marke his hypocriſie.

An other excuſe.

And forsworne Genevian Presbyterie,
Being a phantasticall Anarchie.
But if thou wilt be an everlasting so,
To this new upstart Disciplinado:
A Booke called the Survey of Discipline. Studiously with Pen make each word and line,
Of that learned survey of Discipline,
That which thou dooſt do of intelligence,
Not for lucres sake, but for conscience.
Upon this condition Ile let thee go,
And speake of certaine golden wonders moe.
For out of doubt it worketh strange effects,
When every man the golden Asse respects.
An old wife chosen and made young by Gold. A lustie Gallant seekes his wife for gold,
Though the withered Corne be foure-score yeare old,
Blind, crooked, lame, deformed, full of gout:
Her gold, her gold shall paint the Buzzard out,
As young, as butifull, as *Polixena*,
Wise, courteous, witty learned, as my *Cynthia*.
Gentle as a Dove for why she cannot bite,
Fortie yeares a gone she was toothlesse quite.
A foule and foolish daughter made faire and wise by Gold. Yea a young puppet, ill favoured idiot,
A slabbering, grenning, laughing foole (God wot)
Gold can transforme to faire and gracious,
Wittie, and sober, in talke sentencious,
Able as wisely to utter her minde,
As *Seneca's* wife could see being starke blind.
Yea in a Countrey where no gold doth grow,
By artificiall skill wee'll make gold, I trow.
That shall abide the fierie test aswell,
As stubble can abide the fire of hell.
Alchimie. This skill is called the noble Alchimie,
Which brings her friends to beggerie:
For with great expence and longation,
Muſt come this mettalls alteration;
Perillous is the way by curtation,
Having no certaine operation,
By the white and green, and red Lion,
By fixing Sulphure liquefaction;

To

To have a perfect calcination,
Right Tincture, and Malcation,
To make it ductible and fusible,
Close luted in an earthen Crusible,
Bewaring of too hot combustion,
Till forty dayes and nights be come and gone:
Secretly working by thy selfe alone:
Thou shalt obtaine the Philosophers stone.
A fine red powder, which being projected,
(By great Art and skill, least thou be detected)
Upon a peece of Brasse as bigge as a house,
Shall make a peece of gold as bigge as a louse.
Goodly Mannors and Possessions are sold,
To make simple Brasse artificial Gold.
But as a Velvet Ape remaines an Ape,
Though he be attired in golden shape
So shall a peece of Brasse be perfect Brasse,
Though it be some what purer then it was.
Well, this that is spoken proveth evident,
That this Mettall of Gold is excellent.
For which all states and sexes macerate.
Themselves and theirs with labours intricate.
Though Gold it selfe, as by creation,
Is not the cause of such corruption,
But mans vile insatiable desire,
To lade themselves with this thick earthly mire,
Brasse for vessels, and sodder fast our Steele. Brasse.
To make Canons, whose force our foes do feele,
Iron and Steele are mettals of dignitie,
Of great esteeme, vertue, and qualitie, Iron and
The one with th'other may be so tempered, Steele.
That by no Art they may be entered,
They make mighty instruments of warre,
Bellona, and *Pallace* with these armed are.
With these the Captaines of *Britannia*,
Board the proud Monsters of *Romania*.
The force of these hath conquered *India*,
These fright the Muses and faire *Cynthia*.

And all young Ladies that delight in peace,
Whereby their joy, their love, their ſports increaſe,
Praying great *Mars*, no more to manage armes,
That they might claſpe him in their Ivory armes.
The uſe of theſe for which they were intended;
Was that our confines might be defended,
From foe mans force, and fierce Invaſion
That bleſſed peace might build her ſtation,
That there might be no fell corraſion,
Death, nor bloudie depopulation.
But out alaſſe! Sacred intent of *Pan*,
Is quite prevented by the mind of man,
By a malicious diſpoſition,
That turne theſe Mettalls to perdition.
They kill deſtroy, and murder one another,
The Father kills the Sonne, the child the Mother:
Man killeth man, whom he ought to defend:
Knaves were ordained to a better end.
Woe worth the man, that firſt the ſword invented,
Never ſufficiently to be lamented.
For ſince the time theſe weapons firſt began,
In ſmall regard was had the life of man.
Each ſwaggring Ruffin now that walk's the ſtreets,
Proud as *Lucifer*, ſtabbeth whom he meetes.
Trampling the guts of men under his feet
Tryumphing in his brothers winding ſheet.
O bleſſed region where no Iron growes,
Where no man Steele nor Gold nor Silver, knowes,
Where Guns and ſwords, been reputed wonder
Where roring Cannon is holden thonder.
Where never wonned any martiall Man,
Where men doon never curſe nor ſweare, nonban,
For Gold: but ledden a contented life,
Void of pride, Mallice, contention ſtriſe,
Giving a lumpe of Gold for a ſmall bell,
A needle or a pinne, con tents them well.

Peace commended,

Thou *Salomon* renowned Prince of peace,
How did thy kingdome flouriſh and increaſe?

When

When Silver was compared unto duſt,
Void of contention, malice and diſtruſt?
Gold was as plenty as ſtones in the ſtreet,
Neighbour uſed neighbour ſolemnlie to greet,
Saying (*Shalumleca*) peace be unto thee,
Then was Jeruſalem in high degree
But after he was dead, then Wars began,
Peace was exiled, waxed ſick and wan,
Civill ſedition, and dichoſtaſie:
Clangor of Trumpets, noiſe and fearefull crie
Trampling of warrlike Steeds, Banners diſplaide,
Beating of Drums. Armour ruſtie Aſſayed.
Mighty men at armes, ranged in array.
Towns full of clamor, women ran away.
Lamenting of Mothers, wives wringing hands,
Blood-breathing *Mars*, at each corner ſtands.
Two Kings in one Land. each claiming right,
Souldiers ignorant on which ſide to fight.
The whole land full of deſolation,
Expecting nothing but divaſtation,
A lamentable wofull Spectacle,
When cloſed was the bleſſed Tabernacle,
The laws worſhip and Sacrifice did ceaſe,
Exterminated quite with ſacred Peace.
The champing horſe up to the Footlocks ſtood,
In flowing ſtreames of dying Souldiers blood,
No reverence to the aged man at all,
The wife doth dye to ſee her husband fall.
The Children weep to ſee their Fathers death;
The aged Matron yeeldeth up her breath,
Young virgens without regarde deflowred,
Studies decayed, Studies devoured.
Merchants ſpoyled, and their goods divided,
Iuſtice deſpiſed, Iudges derided,
The whole Kingdome brought to confuſion,
Thy houſe, thy goods, thy land's by intruſion,
Of a goldleſſe Impudent companion,
Taken by force from thy poſſeſſion.

Diſcommodities of warre.

Thy

Thy wofull wife raviſhed before thy face,
And preſently thou murther'd in the place.
Tell me now if thou haſt any conſcience,
If this in marking Steele were *Pans* pretence;
The armed Plough-Share in making Furrows long
Our Horſes Yron ſhodd, to foot ſtrong.
Boord's ſtrong nail'd, to couch together cloſe:
Keyes, and artificiall locks, to ſhut and looſe:
With other infinite commodities:
Which by this Mettals principally riſe.
Of theſe two Mettals ſhewn, uſe principall,
For deadly warres been things accidentall.

Lead

The leaden Mines, are now in chiefe requeſt,
For which we riven ſacred *Tellus* breſt,
And turne them to bed uſe contrary,
Unto their firſt created deſtiny.
We uſe it now to make Bullets round,
To gorge our Piſtols Chriſtians to wound,
Calivers Muskets, and ſuch Trumpery,
Executors of humane cruelrie.
Are ſtuf'd with Bullets of the pureſt Leade,
To take a harmleſſe Man unfurniſhed.
We us'd them firſt holy Church to cover,
At the charge of many a Chriſtian Lover.
To cover cloſe, the Pallaces of Kings;
Leſt raine might enter which corruption brings.
Glaſiers can tell of uſes manifold,
That needs not in our ſtorie be enrould,
This proov's there is a ſtrange mutation,

Tinne.

Of all things from their firſt creation.
Excepting Tinne formed of Utenſils,
Which ſculeries of Noble Ladies fils.
This mettall receiveth corruption,

Corrupted by Mixtures of Lead,

By Pewterers ſophiſtication.
Chargers, Baſens, Platters, Pots of Tinne,
Mixed with lead craftily foyſted Inne.
Making them heavie, and of colour blew,
But Tinn's light, and white, if Subſtance be trew.

If otherwise it is adulterated,
And by Cosonage sophisticated.
Thus is rich *Tellus* glorious within,
In deeper serach if thou wilt wisdom winne:
Stones doon occurre next to be survey'd, — Stones with their divisions
As nature hath them orderly convey'd,
Gems, Marble, whetstones, Flint's & building stons
Are ribb's of Ladie, or our Mothers bones.
Harken the musicke of mine Oaten Reed,
As *Endymion* doth orderly proceed, — Precious stones.
Gems are principally memoroble
As Iewels of prise inesteemable
In barren Rockes, and mountaines engendred,
And by great *Pan* to Ladies tendered.
To garnish all their Princly Ornaments,
Tyre for their head, vailes, and Abbillements. (hands
Their causes, their hare, their neck, their brest, their
Whose price none but the oners understands.
Of watry substance beene they composed.
And by the burning heate of *Phœbus* disposed,
Into divers colours hard orientall,
Shining througout, not superficiall.
The thicker they be the more of regarde,
So they been impenitable and harde.
This watry substance by colde is congealed — How they come to resist the fire, & yet being gendred water.
And then by *Phœbus* long time Anealed.
Yea hardned so by the heat of the Sunne
By continuall Reverberation.
So harde compact by *Phœbus* burning charme,
That the flaming fire can doo them no harme.
These been caled precious for their qualities,
Not for their Magnitude or quantities.
These casten such a lustre to the eyes,
As might amazen Shepherds that been wise.
Resembling often with their splendent light,
Twinkling and shining Starres in frostie night.
Of precious stones some shining and cleere,
Some been obscure, and therefore not so cleere.

Gem. { perspic. 2. Opacan Mixtae.

Some partly cleare, and in ſome partobſcure,
Yet very precious, and will endure.
Perſpicua. The Diamond, Carbuncle perſpicuous,
Blew Saphyr, Emerald, Iacynth luſtriove,
Opaca, Miſta, Obſcure, and darke, is the Jewel Onix,
Cleare and obſcvre, Iaſper, and Sardonix.
Many ſtones of more vertue, then beaſts and plants. All beaſts and plants of force muſt needs give place,
To many ſtones precious for vertuous grace.
The truth hereof is evidently ſhowne,
By the Load-ſtone univerſally knowne.
Load-ſtone. The Princly Diamond of high reſpect,
Diamond His vertues. Pierceth an armor with his harde effect:
Nine dayes together reſiſteth the fire,
Who doth not then his qualities admire?
It expelleth feare, as Shepheards have tride,
If it be to a Ladies left wriſte tide:
Carbucle, or Rubie. At midnight Carbuncles give ſuch a ſhine,
As if *Phœbus* blazed his power divine:
Vertues. It makes a man merry that lookes thereon,
Gainſt Melancholly prevailes this ſtone.
Emerald. Moſt precious of all is the green Emrald,
Which of us Shepheards a chaſt ſtone is call'd.
Vertues. It is the ſofteſt and foe to Venerie,
When thou and thy wife go to bed, lay't by:
If thou haſt drunke venome, or poiſoned thing,
Drinke this in wine, it will remedie bring.
Gainſt falling ſickneſſe it is a remedie,
Which Phiſitions call Epilepſie.
The fearefull dreames that riſen up in us;
The Emerald doth uterly diſcuſſe.
Blew Saphyr. Vertues. The blew Saphyr maketh ſound the eyes,
That been oppreſt with miſty maladies,
Choler-aduſt, it cureth perfectly,
Drunke in wine, and powdered cunningly.
It doth prevaile againſt the Scorpians ſting,
The powder alſo remedie both bring,
Againſt a Carbuncle, or peſtilent ſore,
Strawde upon it and drunke as before.

The Iacinth perſeveth from the lightning, Iacinth.
Thoſe that weare it garniſh'd in a ring.
From the peſtilence it keep's men ſound, Vertues.
That ayere infected may them not confound.
A precious helpe for them that cannot Sleepe,
Get this ſtone and doe it ſafely keepe.
The Marble ſtones excell in Dignitie, Marble.
All other ſtones that beene ordinarie.
Repreſenting a ſhining looking-glaſſe,
Shewing the faces of them that doon paſſe.
Excellent for building of gorgeous Roomes,
Theators of ſtate, and Emperors Toombes.
ſomewhite, ſome black, ſomegreen, with ſpots diſtinct
Such as great *Cynthia* hath in her precinct. Porphyrie.
Porphirie for riches is commended,
Wherein *Phiſis* bath her skill extended.
Alablaſter ſhall not in ſilence ſleepe, Alablaſter.
Wherein our Ladies doon their Oyntments keep.
Whet-ſtones been next as *Endymion* findes, Three kindes of whetſtones
Devouring Metalls: hereof been three kindes,
The Touch-ſtone and Whet-ſtone of Damaſco, Touch-ſtone.
And the Indian Whet-ſtone, the razors Foe. Damaſco Whet-ſtones of an aſhecolour.
Gold-Smiths uſe the firſt to try their Mettals by,
As Gold and Silver from falſe Alchymie.
The ſecond common us'd to this intent,
To whet our knives, or other inſtrument
The third is yellow which Barbers have, Indian Whet-ſtones yellow.
To whet their Razors if they meane to ſhave.
The nature of the flint all men do admire, Flint-ſtone.
How that ſpeciall ſtone is fit to ſtrike fire,
Schollars Souldiers, and Maryners are bound, Men much bound to God for this Stone eſpecially, Students, Souldiers, Mariners.
To bleſſe the time when firſt this ſtone was found,
If all the fire in the whole world were gone,
Tellus can helpe thee with one filly ſtone,
For common ſtones of great infinitie,
Framed by ezleſtiall Divinitie.
Different in colour, forme and faſhion,
For nature, uſe and Operation.

Stones ordinary

Hardned by the burning beames of the Sunne,
Being dust and sand ere they were begune.
Ile single some as stones of rarest name,
Which justly do deserve Records of fame.
The Load stone first comes to my memorie,

Load stone:

A stone of admirable utilitie.
Drawing by secret divine influence,
Iron and Steele surpassing humane sence.
Two ends it hath, if it be rightly squar'd,
Doone wondrous things which cannot be declar'd.
Nor can we all the secret vertues tell,
Which in this little ragged stone doon dwell.
For one a mong the rest is admirable,
The reason whereof is Inscrutable.

Vertues.

One end drawes yron to it all the day;
The other end doth make it runne away.
One end drawes yron to the Southern Pole,
The other, to the center of the northern-hole:
So strange and implacable enmitie,
Such hidden raging Malignitie,
In working nature of this stone is found,
As doth the wit of all the world confound.

Mariners.

All mariners of force must be dismaied,
If they should want the Load-stones blessed aide,
By this they saile, else know not where they were,
Such soveruignetie in Ship doth *Magnes* beare.

Hercules the first inventor of the Load-stone.

Lapis Hercules it is called those,
That say *Hercules* did it first disclose,

Smiris for Teeth.

Smiris a noble stone in operation
Much used for the Teeth's purgation.

Pumice for Parchment.

The Pumice stone was not formed in vaine,
To clens your parchment and to make it plaine.

Tartarum for Spots in the face.

Tarter found in the bottom of Wine-Leyes,
For Pimpled spotted face, is of high price.

Lapis Sectilis.

A stone there is of colour black as sables,
Which Marchaunts oft, use for wrighting-tables.
This also deserveth some memorie,
Because it serveth mans commoditie.

The

The ſtone which Shepheards doon Æthites call, Aethites.
Is of great vertue, though the ſtone be ſmall,
For this I wiſh young Ladies underſtand, Vertues for wome travelling with child
If they hold this ſtone cloſely in their hand,
Or apply it to the place Parturient
They ſhall be deliverd incontinent.
This ſoundeth *Endymion* in his Layes,
Make uſe thereof and after give him praiſe.
Red and white corall as heard as a ſtone,
Tellus refuſeth becauſe it is none,
But a ſea heard combuſt by the heat of the Sunne, Corall no ſtone but an Herbe.
Wherewith ſome women faine wonders been done.
Drunken in powder, it vertue imparts,
To the Green-ſickneſs and languiſhing heartt, Ieat.
Neither is let within the ſtony Lawe
As fit for naguht, but to take up a ſtraw,
The third part of all the mineral's that beene, Mixt minerals.
Found in earths belly and daily ſeene:
Have ſtrange and ſecret vertues intricate,
Profitable for mortall manes eſtate,
And firſt Phyſitians done highly exalt, Sal { Gemma. Ammoniacum.
The Pearled and th'Ammonian Salt.
Salt-Peter, Minirall of high regard, Salt Peter.
Digg'd by commiſſion, in each houſe and ward,
Where by the Devill invented Gun-powder,
That hell might tryumph and death be prouder,
Which with ſulphury compoſition;
Procures fatall death and Perdition.
Sulphur the Damme of wild fire and brimſtone. Sulphur.
By a filthie diveliſh commixion,
Which hath brought to finall ſubverſion,
Many a ſtrong and worthy champion,
Many a learned Scholler of renowne,
The Princely Souldier, and the rurall clowne:
No Citie, Caſtle, Fort, or ſtately Tower,
Is able to with ſtand his raging power:
This hath Dame *Tellus* in her regiment,
Cloſe coffred againſt the day of judgement,

If minds revenging would vouchsafe it rest,
In darkesome closset of his Mothers brest,
Alume. Alume is also a famous minerall,
Cold, Abstersive, pierceing medicinall.
For Cankers in the mouth, Ulcers and blaynes,
Hot and dry Scab's, and itching of the vaines.
Glasse. Of Viscous matter is glasse composed,
Which in her brest *Tellus* hath enclosed.
Where of men vessels excellent contrive,
Looking glasses. Looking-glasses and Glasses perspective.
Composed by Art Geometricall,
Whereby beene wrought things Supernaturall.
Perspective glasses. Men with halfe bodies, men going in th'Ayre.
Men all deformed men as angels faire.
Beside other things of great admiration,
Wrought by this Glasses Fabrication.
Drinking Glasses. Drinking Glasses, and plaine window Glasse,
Placed by Art, that light and heate may passe.
Glasse for windowes. Though it be strange, we know't may come to passe,
Burning-Glasses. To set fire on a Towne, or a Ship by a glasse.
How are old men bound to *Pans* Majestie:
Whose sight is dimme, with their antiquitie?
That they might in age read his Oracles,
Spectacles. He helps their sight with glassie spectacles.
You learned Searchers of ritch natures skill,
Limbecks Viols. That oyles and waters sovereigne distill,
What glassie Limbecks and receptacles,
And closed fast luted Tabernacles,
Frame you of this one brittle treasurie,
Safelie to keep distilled misterie?
Quicksilver. Nimble quicksilver what shall I say of thee?
Minerall excellent in thy degree.
Mother of Metals, transformer of all,
The seaven Metals universall.
How shall I celebrate thine excellence,
Or glorifie thy great Magnificence,
Gold joyneth not to silver but by thee,
Thou piercest all Mettalls that formed be.

No

No Metall hindreth thine agilitie,
Tou flayeſt the ſight of mans iniquitie.
Admirable things might well be wrought,
If man by Art, could fix thee as they ought,
And beate thee into a ſilver Plate,
Whom neyther Touch, nor Teſte could macerate.
No ſilver then, to thee were comparable,
Made with ſmall coſt, excellent and durable,
This I thinke were a far greater miſterie,
Worthily fit to be calld Alchymie,
Then thus to make our wealth, and wite to range,
Good Copper, into ſeeming gold to change.
Which thing is as poſſibly to be done:
As for a weezle to eat up the Sunne.
But *Mercury* whom we quickly ſilver call,
May be fixed as ſilver naturall;
Perfect good ſilver, permanent and ſilvre,
And ſhall all proofes of Touch, and Teſt endure,
No difference betwixt other ſilver and this:
But that is ſtedfaſt, and this running is,
Yet as it is cureth Maladies,
Ache in the joynts, and french infirmities.
And men once cur'd, with never dying praiſe
With ſacrifice and ſacred renwoned layes
Do blaze with Trumpet, of everlaſting fame,
The glorious order of this circled fame,
And now *Endimion* hath Anotomized,
The vniuerſall world, and all therein compoſed,
One only thing remain's as yet untouch'd,
Which is moſt admirable, yet cloſely couch'd,
Ti's this: to what end all theſe things were fram'd,
Which in this particular we have nam'd.
The anſwer is the uſe thereof is great,
Eyther for contemplation or Meate.
Principally for bleſſed mans behoofe
Theſe things were formed as a certain proofe,
That he would love him everlaſtingly.
For whome he form'd univerſalitie.

Quick ſilver may be fixed.

The vſe of this Philoſophie.

For when worlds engine was thus finished,
And all the parts perfectly polished:
Yet this whole frame served *Pan* to no purpose,
Nor did he benifite by one of those,
Whom he had made, upon, and in this round,
Heaven, or Earth, or what therein is found.
For next to heaven were the Angels made,
And shortly after some fell Retrograde.
And became devills by alteration.
Of all their qualities in creation.
And have their place within the spacious ayre,
Kept in Chaines of everlasting Despaire.
Yet not of Angel, Devell: or ought created,
And *Pan* needs in pleasure scituated,
Yet would he make this glorious world, and why?
For that he meanes to frame a monarchie:
Or large Emprie full of soveraigntie,
Then formed he a Prince of royall dignitie
Of a wonderfull Grace and Maiestie,
To sway this Imperiall Monarchie,
He framed first his bodies lineaments,
With all his admirable Complements.
As a young man of thirtie yeares of age,
Beautifull, gracious, of comely visage.
4. Yet dead he lay, as carkasse on a greene,
No life or motion in him felt or seene,
Like sweet *Adonis* sleeping on a Mount,
Whom peereless *Venus* had in high account.
Then breath'd he in to him the breth of life,
Whose presently began a gentle strife,
When every limme began it selfe to move,
And strecht it selfe his vitall force to prove,
The closed eyes their Curtaines did display,
The rowling eye had motion every way.
The nostrils gan to feele the fragrant smell,
Of sweete scented flowers which there did dwell,
The earth began to become melodious nowe,
Of dainty Birds, from out their warbling throates.

Whē the Angels were made.

The fall of Angels, and their place.

Man made, and why?

A perfect man. *Ephe.*

A living soule

Life the effects of the soule.

The

The Rubie liquid, warming vitall blood,
Pass'd every veine, as rivers streaming flood.
From Livers fountaine t'impart nourishment,
Unto the heart that hath the government,
And so through conduits secretly contriv'd,
Is blood to every humane part deriv'd.
This life to every part gave perfect sence,
To feele according to their difference.
Within his head by hidden instruments,
Were placed Natures blessed Ornaments,
The forehead kept objected phantasie,
The hinder part retaineth memory.
Intelligence hath her place principall,
In the crowne of the head highest of all,
Fit to receive objects from phantasie,
And to commit them unto memory.
Within a branchie filme there lyeth the braine,
Close rampir'd up with Barracados twaine:
Both maters, and the flint-hardie Scull,
Here reignes the soule in maner wonderfull,
From thence she doth diffuse her operation,
To every member in his scituation.
This breathed Soules an immortall substance,
Simple, spirituall and of puissance.
Though breathed, yet no part of *Pans* Essence,
But a created glorious existence.
Fitting the bodie for Procreation,
It selfe not fit for generation.
A simple essence cannot be divided,
As Philosophers have well decided.
Thus being animated his tongue did move,
And speake some words which tended unto love.
Then never present *Pan* tooke him by th'hand,
And set him on his feet making him stand.
And made him view his glorious majestie,
As sare as might his perspicacitie.
And made him view the glorie of the place,
With all things fram'd and set before his face.

The Liver, fountaine of blood.
The heart principall.

The head receptacle of senses intellectuall, Fantaũe in the forehead: Memorie in the hinder part of the head. Vndderstãding in the crowne of the head. *Dura Mater, Pia Mater.*

The soule Immortall, Simple.
No part of Gods essence.
Created, that is, breathed

Not *ex traduce* that is One soule to beget an other.

He saw God as he might behold him.

Producing to him all creatures framed,
So to be termed, as he would have them named,
He named all things his Manſion.
He made EDEN, GAN JEHOVA habitation,
Fit for a Prince of his creation
Replenished with fruites of every kind,
To fit the belly and to pleaſe the minde.
Paradice in the middeſt of the earth.
In the midſt of the round world Scituate,
The reſt with great eaſe to contemplate.
Man King of the earth.
There he inveſted him as in a Throne,
Giving him ſeaſon and poſſeſſion,
And imperiall domination,
Of all this loweſt rounds creation.
Gracing his government with certaine law's,
Which Clarkys comprehenden in their Saw's.
Divinity begins where Philoſophie doth end.
And being high points of Theologie,
Surpaſſe *Endymions* Philoſophy.
Marke (*Cynthia*) where Philoſophie doth linne,
There alwaies doth Theologie beginne.
He cal'd him ADAM: JESCH: an earthly man,
Worlds wonder, Monarch, Terreſtriall *Pan*.
So glorious ſhining, Princely excellent,
Vertuous, holy, wiſe and continent:
Sober, modeſt, ſtrong, grave, and temperate,
Amiable, Magnanimous, and moderate.
Of comely jeſture and ſweeteſt carriage,
Fit to poſſeſſe *Iov's* Queene in marriage.
Yet deſolate alone and comfortleſſe,
Rich yet poore, pinch'd with ſolitarines,
Commanding all things that were created,
Yet could not his mind be recreated
Becauſe he was conſtrain'd to live alone,
Without injoying a companion,
Which *Pan* perceiving, caſt him in a ſleep,
Commanding *Morpheus*, this Prince to keep.
As one receiving *Opium*, or *Diriaka*,
Depriv'd of vitall ſence, doth deadly fall:
So falleth downe this mighty earthly prince;
Never felt *Flora* ſuch a breathe ſince,

Except

Except he were more then a mortall man,
Receiving Pearle of *Tellus*, part of *Pan*.
Falling she tooke him in her blessed armes,
And lul'd him fast a sleepe with secret charmes.
So dead a sleepe with Incantations,
She dressed his bodie with Carnations:
Crimson Gilliflowers, Pinkes and Paunsies,
Muske-Roses and other pleasing Phansies.
Thinking her selfe a Queene most fortunate,
If she might live to choose him for her mate.
But mighty *Pan* provided otherwise.
Out of his side he made to rise, Woman made.
A young Princely gracious loving creature,
Far surpassing any former feature.
Of such a shape divine and Majestie,
As amazeth my best Philosophie.
Her face was like my fairest *Cynthia*.
And per adventure like *Musophila*.
Her grace, behaviour; and modestie,
Surmounteth any mans Capacitie,
Nor by *Endimion* Can be blazed,
But it will make the whole world amazed,
Heaven and Earth cannot the like afford,
As must be wife to this imperiall Lord.
For she must be of bodie excellent,
That must lie by the King magnificent,
And it behoveth her to be precise,
To talke with him that's absolutely wise.
Pan therefore taking consultation,
Said she should serve for generation.
Her skinne was white as was the Ivorie,
Thinne and smooth as the finest Tiffany,
Where through a man might perfectly behold,
The azured veynes, her inward parts to fold.
A reddie intermixt vermilion
Diffused was pleasant to look upon.
Her golden haires dispersed to her thighes,
Close shrowds, *Lucina's* sacred Misteries.

Her modeſt eyes like ſparkling Diamonds,
Pure and chaſt (unlike to *Roſamonds*,)
Piercing, fierce, and bloody, Marble-Martill-hearts,
Steare, fierce, and bloudy, Marble-Martiall-hearts,
Loves mountaines, appler of *Hiſperides*,
Such were her breſts witneſſe my *Cynthia*,
From whence by corall conduits flowing are,
Streames of ſweeteſt cæleſtiall Nectare,
Her crimſon ſmiling lippes did make a ſhow,
That mirth and pleaſure in her mouth did grow.
Her teeth even ſet by natures curious hand,
As rowes of orientall Pearles did ſtand.
Theſe keep her tongue and inſtruments of voice,
Of purpoſe made to cauſe her Lord rejoyce.
Tender her hands, her fingers long and ſmall,
Fit to delight her Lord, and ſport withall.
Thus form'd ſhe was in juſt proportion,
Which made the world amaz'd to look upon.
But for the Ornaments of her princly mind,
For excellency were not far behind.
The noble ſoule of *Adam* firſt created,
If they beview'd and juſtly eſtimed.
Some ſhepheards hav'n ſeely ſolkes abuſed,
The womans ſoule was not made of *Adas* ſoule, but infuſed by God, Which doon denie her ſoule to be infuſed
Into her body, as bleſſed *Adams* was,
But rather that creation came to paſs,
By propagation out of *Adams* ſoul.
We find no warrant for this in our rowle
For ſimple eſſence can no way generate,
Obſerue. His like: and yet conſerve his former ſtate.
Thus was the glorious Queen accompliſhed,
Adam, Adamah. And with cæleſtiall beauty furniſhed.
Pan bleſſed her, and call'd her *Adamah*,
Nekebah perforata boared as with a wimble, of the word *Nakab* ſignifying to bore a thing hollow. A female earth, and after *Nekebah*.
By reaſon of her great concavitie,
To take and hold begotten progeny,
This being doon, he view'd the ſleeping man,
At his commaund *Morpheus* ſwiftly ran.

Into

In the darkſome Caves of *Erebus*,
With all his miſtie charmes Somniferous.
And left the ſleeping Prince in *Floras* lappe,
Not knowing what was done for his good happe.
At laſt his luſtrous eyes, he gan advaunce,
Rouzing himſelf, and ſhaking off his traunce,
And ſtanding up upon his princly feet,
Pan cauſed his vertuous Lady him to greet.
Whoſe ſuddain view, ſtrook him to ſuch amaze,
As marveling a while did naught but gaze,
He wondred at her beautifull proportion,
Her gratious lookes and conſtitution.
And looking well upon himſelfe (quoth he)
So well this peerleſſe frame reſembleth me,
As if ſhe were my proper fleſh and bone,
In body and ſoule we ſeeme to be but one.
In all the earth her match cannot be found.
In whom humanity doth ſo abound.
Then everliving, everlaſting *Pan*,
Acquaintd him how every thing began,
And ſaid abſolute ſhall be thy pleaſure,
Take her to wife, this ſurpaſſing treaſure,
The Prince obey'd, the Lady was content.
Mighty *Pan* married them incontinnent.
And bleſſed them. ſaying they ſhould increaſe,
And fill the world till heaven and earth did ceaſe.
This pleas'd the Prince, in token of conſent,
He gave her halfe this worldly regiment.
Parting between them, earths circumference,
And calld her I S K A H for preheminence,
Then was the marriage ſolemnized,
And in our ſacred rowles eternized.
Where bleſſed Angels ſounding harmonie,
And chirping birds chaunted their Melody,
The King and Queene, with joyfull hearts did ſing,
And hils and dales redounding Eccho's bring.
Tellus and *Flora*, kep't it holy day,
Attired in their glorious array.

Iskah a Mannesse as we ſay a Dutcheſſe.

And all the Orbes and Sphearos gave looking on,
When Princely *Adam* took his Paragon.
How long they liv'd in their felicitie,
Is not contain'd in Natures Myſterie.
What was their art, their life, their fall, their end,
By ſacred layes and Oracles been pend.

WIth that, *Endimion* caſt his eyes aſide,
And ſaw a Knight come priking on,
Swift was his pace, and knightlie did he ride,
Bending his race towards *Endymion*.
As ſtately Knights he was to look upon,
Compleat his armes in rich Capariſon,
His horſe like *Pegaſus*, and he *Belerophon*.

Likely he was to manage Martiall armes,
Well could he couch in reſt his dreadfull Speare,
He rode as one that ſcorn'd Theſſalian charmes,
Nor did he any ſtrange adventures feare:
The Arms and Shield that I did ſee him beare,
Were coloured blew, thick ſet with ſilver Starrs:
His ſhield an azur'd Porpentine, with golden barrs.

His waving Baſes manaced the ſkies,
Like as his Armour to Welkin ſemblant,
Couch'd in his Saddle cloſe to enterprize,
Stratagems and adventures puiſſant.
If any in the earth were commorant,
And ſingle Combate quick to undertake,
Gainſt helliſh Monſters or Lernæan ſnake.

His ſteely helme, a Corronet of Bayes,
Empaled round: the penon of his Launce,
The ignorance of all the world diſplayes,
For when he gan his warlike Speare to aduance,
Some golden Letters writ I read by chance,
The Motto was (if I remember right)
Learning Triumphs in Envies great deſpight.

The

The simple Shepheard cried out amaine;
Flie noble *Cynthia* we are betrai'd,
So sore amazed was the Countrie swaine,
That he had forgot what he had done or said.
Renowned *Cynthia* was no whit dismaid,
But comforted th'amazed senseleſſe man,
Willing him hold his course as he began.

And all the Ladies from their seates arose,
To view the comming of this warlike Knight:
In circle-wise they faire *Cynthia* close,
To shrowd *Diana* from *Acteons* sight,
The Shepheard would have ta'ne himselfe to flight,
But that he was asham'd to runne away,
Leaving the Ladies to the warriers pray.

He laid a side his Pipe, and took his Hooke,
As if he would an armed Knight withstand,
The seely soule put on a manly looke,
Yet better was his running then his hand,
He wisht himselfe farre off in other land,
For fitter were his hands to use a pen,
Then manhage Armes with any martiall man.

But making vertue of necessitie,
He made a show as if he ment to fight,
Upon his feet he started suddenly,
To shield these Ladies from the manly Knight.
No question there had been a noble sight,
To see him wield a wooden rustie Hooke,
That fitter were to manage sacred Booke.

O how the Shepheard would have stirr'd his stumps,
And laid about him with his smottie Boxe,
His wooden Crooke had given such deadly thumps,
As would have stricken downe a falling Oxe.
So would the Knight have feard the shepheards knocks
As if a Bulrush hit him on the Creſt,
Or if a Gnat had stung his armed breſt.

But all was well, no terror was intended,
The Knight nor car'd, nor knew *Endymion*.
He rein'd his Steed and lightly downe deſcended,
And with a Courtly diſpoſition,
Lift up his bever whereby euery one,
Knew him to be the mighty *Aſtrophill*,
Whoſe praiſe is paynted with an Angels quill.

Prince of all Poets in *Acadia*,
Magnanimous of ever laſting Fame,
Of chiefe regard with famous *Cynthia*,
Apollo parted with him halfe his name,
And gave him skill darke ignorance to tame,
Apollo twined with his learned hand,
The Lawrell Crowne, which on his head doth ſtand.

But when my *Cynthia* knew 'twas *Aſtrophill*,
She ranne to claſpe him in her dainty armes,
But out alas it paſſed mortall skill;
Inchanted was the Knight with ſacred Charmes,
His bodie dead of yore, the more our harmes.
O noble *Drayton* well didſt thou rehearſe,
Our Damages in dryrie Sable verſe.

Drayton upon the death of S. P. S.

Thrice *Cynthia* tri'd to fold him in her armes,
But all in vaine, ſhe nothing comprehended:
Her vitall blood that all the bodie warmes,
Forſooke her veynes, and to her heart aſcended.
For loe, ſhe fainting fall's as life were ended:
Making moſt wofull lamentation,
Yet *Aſtrophill* ſtill kept his ſtation.

The worthey Nymphes that circled *Cynthia*,
Amazed at her fall made ſuch a crie,
As wak'd the Satyrs of *Sylvania*,
And feeding Lambs did greatly terrifie:
The Shepheard in a mortall trance doth lie,
The tender Ladies had the better heart,
Setting all cowardice and feare apart,

Nymbly

Nymbly they took, and rubbed *Cynthia*,
Till shereviv'd who lifting up her eyes,
Beheld the Elisin of *Arcadia*,
And cri'd deare: Brother do not temporize:
Nor doe thou Laid *Cinthia* despise,
Why speak'st thou not to her that loves thee best,
What dismall humor hath thy minde possest?

With that as from a deepe concavitie,
A silvered voice, and words of great import,
Proceded from the Knight with Majestie,
Distinct, pithie, plaine, but wondrous short,
Yet such as unto us gave great comfort.
A man, a ghost, a knight, a potentate,
Humane, divine, forcible, laureate.

Dies, lives, fights not, yet mortally doth wound,
Death, life, time, fortune, wisdome, learning, wit,
Nature, Art, forme, languages profound,
Glorious, earthly-pompe, fame excelling it.
No earthly thing eternally shall sit,
Vertue, Piety, and pure Sanctitie,
Shall weare the Crown of immortalitie.

These words the trembling Shepheard did revive
They were so full rarity and choice,
Resembling skill of *Astrophill* alive;
The sound he thought was not unlike his voice.
Endimion did mightily rejoice,
And said aloud, or thou art *Astrophill*,
Or thou hast learn'd this Sonnet from his skill.

Shepheard (quoth he) I am and am not he,
I am not perfect *Astrophill*, but part,
The shade which now appeareth unto thee,
Is substance spirituall fram'd by Art;
What mortall was, is slaine by deadly Dart
Of *Thanatos*, corrupt consum'd to dust;
Such is the end of all this wordly lust.

To the right worthipful Sir *John Smith of Old Hunger Knight*,

a worthie favourer of *Learning*.

YOur antient love to him that wrote this Book,
Hath made *Ourania* ſpeake an Engliſh verſe,
The Greekiſh Ladies of Caſtalion Brook,
Entombed are cloſe couch'd in Sable-herſe.
The mourning Cypreſſe and darke Popler-tree,
Are teſtimonies of their lowe degree

Endimion lai's aſide his Hebrew Reed,
And bids *Ourania* harpe phylo ſophie,
Where his Engliſh Lambs and Flock may feed,
Till *Phœbus* rayes diſpell obſcuritie.
He will'd her yet ſuch pleaſing Muſicke ſing,
As might conſort with *Ariſtotels* wing.

Such as delights Arcadian *Cinthia*,
And comforts Scholers at their idle times,
Viewing the ſecrets of *Ourania*,
As ſhe will chaunt them in her homely Rymes.
Wonders above, and all within this round,
Muſt be the ſubject of her dainty ſound.

Shee ſings of Sun and Moone, and wandring Starres,
Of uncouth Elementall Meteors:
Comets, Heraulds of death and dreadfull warres,
Fire, ayre, winds, vapours, Oceon, ſhowers,
And what ſoever you can thinke upon,
Ourania ſings; ſo bids *Endimion*.

Read learne and heare, trie, ponder, write, digeſt,
Words, matter, ſong truth, art wit Miſterie:
Commend *Ourania*: take her to your gueſt;
Sheel teach the younger Lambs Philoſophie,
Such Myſteries as never Engliſh Pen,
Afforded yet unto the view of men.

N. B.

To my Worshipful friend *John Stone Esquire, Counsellor at the* Law, and Secondarie of the Counter in Wood-street *London.*

NO liquid oyle proceeds from Pumice-stone
Nor alchimist produce an oile from thence
Tis hard indeed if thou wert such a one,
As lov'd a Scholler onely for his pence.
But since th'enclosing of *Endimion*,
He found some Oyle from Secondarie STONE.

Counsell they say is no commandement,
That's false if counsell be but equitie:
Where to a man must be obedient,
If he aspire unto fælicitie.
No wrong had seazed on old *Endimion*,
If he had taken counsell of a Stone.

Things past, and things to come be different,
For they are gone and these are in expect.
Thinke not on former dayes malevolent,
The fates to come worke contrarie effect.
And cause thee blesse the day, the place, the houre
That thou receiv'dst *Endimions* Paramour.

Onraina sings obscure Philosophy,
Like Bats, and Owles in silent darkesome night,
In Oldern times she chaunted melodie,
Of highter straine: And when she comes to light,
See'l sing thee such a blessed Madrigall,
As thou shalt thinke the lay, Cælestiall.

FINIS, N. B.

And now my *Cinth.* time summons me hence,
My newes been done I can no longer stay.
He mounted *Pegasus* and by de from thence,
Piercing the welkin, vanished away,
Leaving the Ladies in wofull dismay,
Lifting their heads and gazing on the skies,
Observing the course, as *Astrophill* flies.

Galaxia took him in her splendent armes,
Sweetly she couch'd him in her Canapie,
She seal'd the passage, with her counter charmes,
To guard her sleeping Knight from jeopardie,
Without regard of impatiency,
Cinthia would needs ascend *Olympus* hill
To live or die, with blessed *Astrophill*.

Nature perswaded her to stay a while,
Her time prefixed was not yet assign'd:
The fatall Sisters, would not cut her file,
Her robes unmade, her Coronet untwin'd
Nor was the quintessence of nature fin'd,
Neither was yet great *Astrophill* awake,
That might her entertainment undertake.

Cinthia replied not as one dissolved,
Her will to put in execution:
Oftentimes her sacred soule revolved,
Which way to make a dissolution,
Of this her bodies constitution.
And fully knowing 'twas not in her power,
Determined to stay her fatall houre.

And yet to spend in contemplation,
The better part of her remaining daies:
Which now she keeps in veneration,
Witnesse her learned Poems and Laies,
So often crowned, with Arcadian Bales.
Thus long sitting silent in that place,
Aurora gan to shew her blushing Face.